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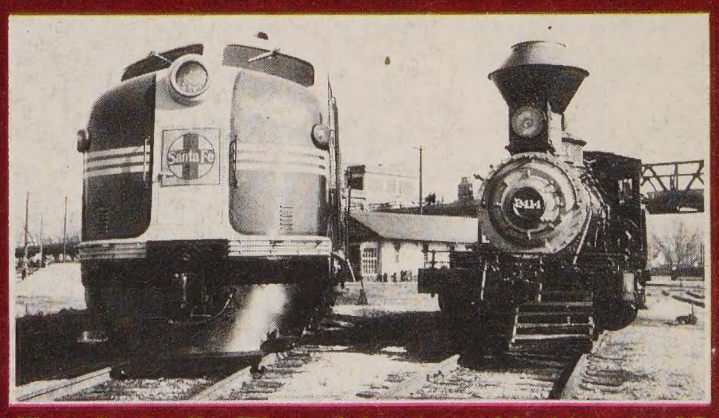
RAILROAD

MAY 1978

MAGAZINE $1.00

"SPEED IN THE RAIN," painted by PETER HELCK

The Magazine for Railroaders and Steam, Diesel, and Electric Fans



First Santa Fe FT models alongside historic SF 2-8-0 No. 2414 in Topeka, Kan., Feb. 5, 1941.

Photograph by William O. Gibson

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MAY, 1978
Vol. 104. No. 1
ONE DOLLAR

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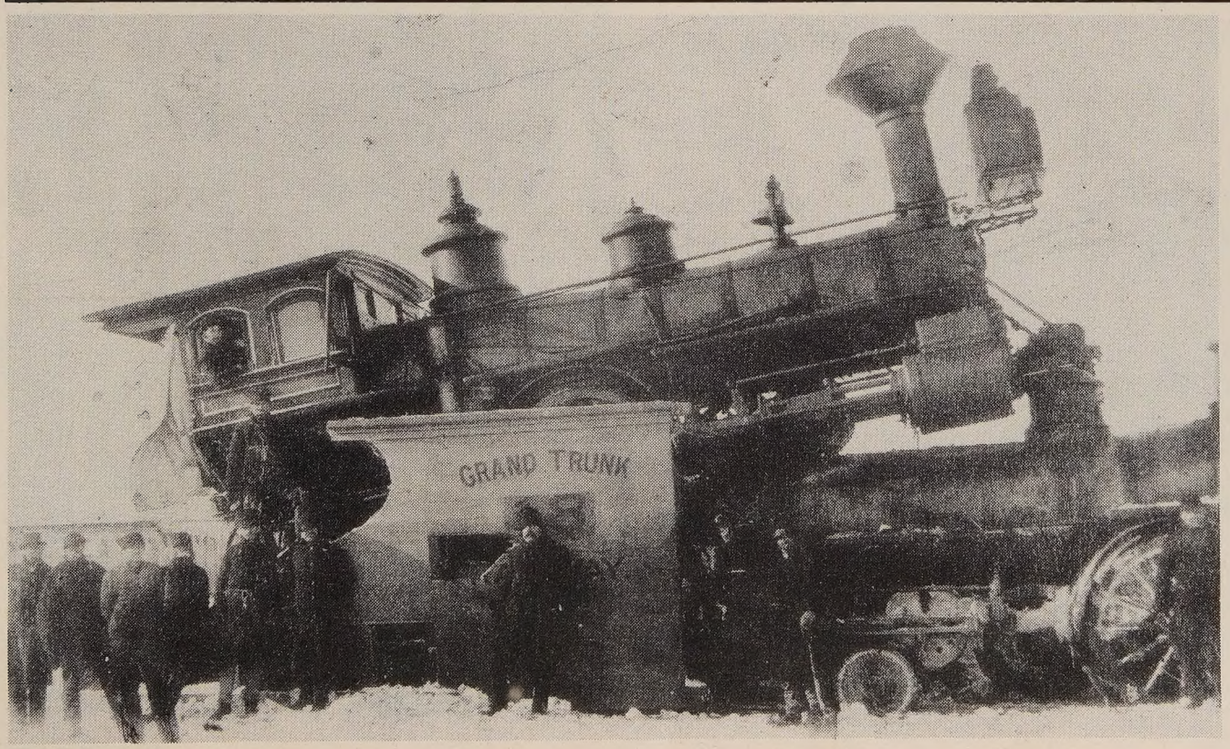
FEATURES AND STORIES

Canadian Railways Are 150 Years Old 12
On the Surinam Narrow-Gage by Robert G. Lewis 14
A Ten-Man Railroad, by Bob Sexton 16
James Plomer, Interesting Railfan 185 by Freeman Hubbard 22
Photographs of the Month 27
Engine Failure, by Don Waters 34
Mild Spring Rain, Poem by Ward Adair 43
Mystery on the Canadian Pacific by Nicholas Morant 50
Blowing Up a Union Pacific Tunnel 52

DEPARTMENTS

The Mail Car 2
Passenger Train Survey 18
Transit Topics by Steve Maguire 45
Information Booth Ask Barbara Kreimer 54
Hobby Club, by Sy Reich ... 59
Books of the Rails by Gorton T.H. Wilbur 61
The Switch List 63
Coming Events 63
Pen Pals Wanted 64



"Cornfield meet" on Grand Trunk at Lindsay, Ont., Canada. Who can supply details?

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

OUR FRONT COVER, entitled "Speed in the Rain," was painted by an alltime great railroad artist, Peter Helck, Boston Corners, R.D. 2, Millerton, N.Y. 12546, one of our *Interesting Railfans.* The original of this painting is owned by Alvis Upitis, 3049 E. Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. 55408. Peter writes: "I've known him since he was a five-year-old shaver. Like his dad (who has photographed all of my paintings for about 25 years), Alvin is a widely recognized professional photographer, serving top industrial clientele."

Our back cover of the *Chessie Steam Special* was painted by a younger artist, David Tutwiler, 2600 Franklin St., Chesterton, Ind. 46304. "The scene was my home town near the Porter freight depot in August, 1977," he writes. "Before I saw the train, I had no idea it was steam, not to mention hauling freight. Engine 2101 had just received repair work on two broken side-rods and was on her way to rejoin the *Chessie Steam Special* at Barr Yards on Chicago's South Side.

"The oncoming smoke plume set my heart beating faster. Reverberations of her melodious steam whistle off the tall oak forest beyond the cornfields brought instant anticipation and total attention to this relic of the past. As the rhythm of stack talk and escaping steam met my ears I became immersed in a sea of symphonic noise vibrations.

"My emotions climaxed at the sight of freight cars rolling up fast behind the engine. For the first time in my life I saw a freight behind steam. The reality of this probably being a last as well as a first brought quick sadness to my soul. The moment passed much too quickly and soon the Chessie caboose was gone as the engine continued to catch glints of sun off her driving rods and boiler as she wound her way off toward the west."

Views and Reviews

DON'T BELIEVE everything you read in the papers, not even *The New York Times.* The other day, in a news story telling about wage and rules negotiations carried on by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and other rail labor organizations, *The Times* identified BLE as the "Brotherhood of Operating Engineers."

THAT ANITA DAVIS is now a hostler on the Santa Fe, as your magazine stated, is the biggest joke since Santa Claus was invented. I'd like to see her changing a hot driving journal or blocking a broken equalizer spring in about 20 below when the wind is blowing snow about 50 miles an hour and with an old pair of greasy gloves to keep her pretty little hands warm. I'd like to see her take about 225 loads of coal up the hill out of Kemmerer to Ogden behind one of those 4000's with wet rail and damp sand. Or ride a cut with old Mike Donavon at the throttle of an 0-6-0 switcher. That guy Mike would hoss it over and jar everything in the

Roundhouse of the old Diamond & Caldor at Diamond Springs, Calif. Note triple stub switch.

Two favorite pastimes are girl-watching and train-watching. In this case, Diane Hartman of Camarillo, Calif., strolled down for a swim in Arroyo Simi Creek at nearby Moorpark on a hot day last July, but was so entranced by seeing a high-speed Southern Pacific freight, wheeled by an SP and a Union Pacific rare lash up that she waited until it had gone by before diving into the clear, cool, inviting water. The Southern Pacific right-of-way at Camarillo is a heavy freight route.

Willian T. Morgan, AG2, OPS/MET Code 30, NAVSUPPFOR Antarctica, FPO, San Francisco 96601

Loaded freight car rolls down incline headed for master retarder (foreground) in classification yard at Family Lines (Louisville & Nashville) electrically equipped Hills Park Yard near Atlanta.

Family Lines

yards in Peoria. I've seen him throw a switchman on his tail end for 40 feet. Hell, many railroaders today don't even know schools out!—Old Ivan, Littlefield Texas.

DEATH of her husband left a friend of mine with several hundred commemorative stamps and first-day covers with stamps, cancellations, etc., also RPO covers. For 20 years I have been in the railroadiana business, but have no idea of this material's value nor to whom to turn for advice. Who can help me?—Dave Nestle, R.D. 2, Ray Rd., Greenwich, N.Y. 12834.

DOUBLE-PAGE photo of Lowville & Beaver River train reflected in water in our Feb. '78 issue was miscredited to Fred Clark, Jr. Actually, it was made by Thomas Trencansky, P.O. Box 122, Etna, N.Y. 13062. Sorry, Tom.

AIR CANADA'S instruction to airline hostesses: "Carry a railroad timetable in case the plane is grounded."

YOUR MAGAZINE is a joy to those of us who are no longer able to work on the rails. It helps to ease the harsh fact that I had to retire for disability at age 51. I used to brake on the "Rat-Hole Division" of the Southern, actually the CNO&TP. I was chaplain for the old Brotherhood of Railroad Trainman's local 315; then I saw our unions consolidate into the United Transportation Union.

I still keep up with news of the railroads and the many present-day problems they didn't have when I was young and active. Around the time the roads began to dieselize, I was cut off the trainman's board for some time, but was hired as a clerk on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, known as "Grandpa's Road." When you went to work there you were supposed to be able to say until retirement or death, whichever came first. Then the Seaboard Coast Line took it over as part of the Family Lines.

What does one do when he gets past working on the rails? I held a job with McDonald's hamburger drive-in at East Ridge, Tenn., for almost ten years, I would like to go back, but have since had two bouts in the hospital, so it looks as though nothing short of a miracle would put me on a payroll again. The other day, my wife and I celebrated our 48th wedding anniversary at the same McDonald's

place, and a Chattanooga newspaper carried our picture.

My heart is still with the railroad, even though my dad was killed in the West Knoxville Yard when I was 10. Ten years later I went to work in that yard. My friend Tommy Tilman, an NC&StL clerk, has been a preacher for the past 19 years.—Earl E. Robinson, 1316 Sunnyfield Lane, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37412.

WHEN I FIRST got a glimpse of the picture on page 25 of your Dec. '77 issue I thought I was looking at the ocean waves battering against a sea wall during a storm, instead of a snowplow working on the Louisville & Nashville's Michigan City Division at Francesville, Indiana.—R.J. King, 3466 February Dr., Cincinnati, Ohio.

I ENJOY *Railroad Magazine's* poems, particularly "Beverly Curve," which I have read aloud many times.—Lowell W. Doupe, 3770-80 Harlan St., Denver, Colo. 80235.

REGARDING a recent letter about the last train on the Oregon & Washington Railroad & Navigation, an engine bearing that line's initials hauled trains between Las Vegas, Nev., and Hoover Dam on a spur that ran through Boulder City, Nev., over property of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, for which I worked from Jan. '44 through Aug. '47.—F.W. Wessel, 2401 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

AS A NATURE LOVER, I resent the fact that one of your photographers cut down young trees at Piniardsville, N.H., to get a clearer view of the train in the picture he made for your Dec. '77 front cover. Railfans should show more respect for environmental beauty. As for the back-cover photo in that same issue, I photographed the same engine myself in the identical spot on Dec. 14, 1959.—Lou Sabetto, 1717 Burgess Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

STEVE SHAY, age 17, railfan and folksong writer, 30-11 43rd St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11103, has composed the following lyric:

Dry Gulch Railroad,
Big enough to carry your load
But small enough to take you
Nowhere fast.
Yes, we'll even treat you nice
As long as you can pay the price
And we'll take you nowhere fast.
Lonely depots
Filled with people
All are going nowhere fast.

Steve says it's copyrighted 1977. He also wrote this guitar piece:

Savannah and Northwest,
Their porters always looked their best
And all were donned red, white, and blue.
So goes the Midnight Express
Headed for Colby, Kansas,
A town so big you'd walk right through.
The 10:17 pulls in
To an 11 p.m. rail bin
In a station full of tarnished brass.
The hustle and bustle, it seems,
It woke me from my midnight dreams
To see my destination far passed.
And I'm going nowhere fast. Yes, we're going nowhere.

Conrail in the News

SHARP CRITICISM of Conrail for inefficient use of its railroad cars is contained in a report released by the General Accounting Office, a watchdog Federal agency. Better use of cars was a vital part of the overall Conrail system plan, which counted on a 28 percent increase in efficiency to put Conrail in the black and provide better service. But Conrail's misuse of cars has gotten so bad that it is now 14 percent worse than that which caused bankruptcy for the predecessor railroads, the GAO said.

Primary problem is the lack of an efficient car-control system which has been put off until 1983. It is estimated that effective car control could save Conrail one billion dollars in capital expenditures, but the carrier says it needs more Federal funds to start a new car-control system. GAO revealed that Conrail sends 600 cars to the wrong destination every day. Each misdirected car loses five days' time and goes an average of 200 extra and unnecessary miles that costs Conrail 25 million annually, the agency reveals. Conrail reportedly is also behind in car rehabilitation and repair.

ONE NIGHT recently, a Conrail train took about 100 residents of Middletown Township, N.J., right past their regular stop and kept on chugging to the next station, Red Bank, before stopping to let the passengers off. In what witnesses described as a spontaneous demonstration, about 30 of the irate passengers exited and set up camp directly in front of the locomotive. The train would not move

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The "DO" Lines
by Edward Lewis. The story of the new short lines Designated to Operate track unwanted by Conrail. The first 9 roads formed plus info on expansions and obituaries caused by Conrail. Diesel & Steam! 8½x11", 122 pages, color covers, 120 plus photos, rosters, maps. Softbound $7.95, limited hardbound edition $12.95 ppd. Penna. residents add 6% sales tax.

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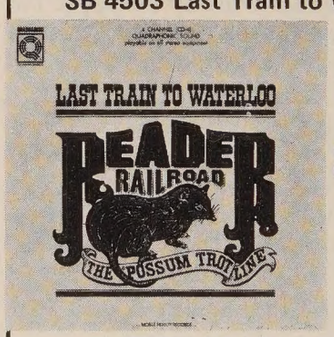
RECORD of the MONTH
SB 4503 Last Train to Waterloo



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Eastbound three unit Santa Fe freight winds down rugged Raton Pass in northern New Mexico on a cloudy August day in 1972. R.P. Reiff, Palatine, Ill.

again, they maintained, until Conrail officials found them transportation back to Middletown. Railway officials took care of that, and the delayed train finally moved on.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST wooden bridge in 1852, when it was built, carried the Erie Railroad across Genesee River at Portage, N.Y. More than 246 acres of timber were used to construct it. The structure cost $175,000, was 800 feet long, 200 feet high. A big celebration marked the first train crossing it en route from Buffalo to Hornellsville, N.Y. (now Hornell), where the Erie Shops were located. On May 6, 1875, it was burned down, but a new wooden bridge replaced it within 90 days. Today, a steel bridge carries Conrail tracks across the river.

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CONRAIL has opened a school at Meadville, Pa., to bring its maintenance-of-way welders up to date on new techniques of track-welding. Welders in groups of 16 are attending classes for three weeks each. This year, more than 200 will enroll, coming from all parts of the Conrail system in 16 states, two provinces of Canada, and the District of Columbia.

Elsewhere, Conrail has filed its five-year business plan with the U.S. Railway Association, outlining its financial projections, operating plans, policies, and programs for the next five years. Under its financing agreement with USRA, Conrail files such a plan each year. The document stresses a need for increased financing to pay for operating losses, to provide more capital, and to buy new equipment.

More Mail for Amtrak?

FRANK E. SHAFFER, associate editor of *Modern Railroads* magazine, is continuing his crusade to have Amtrak passenger trains carry more U.S. mail. He is convinced that such a move would, in addition to other advantageous things, add $50 million a year in Amtrak revenues. In a letter to Thomas G. Allison, staff counsel for the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science and Transportation, Shaffer said that putting mail aboard Amtrak trains "is important to the Northeast and to the nation at a time when the Department of Transportation and Amtrak are fashioning a new national network at the direction of the Congress."

Shaffer said that "the nation needs your help in persuading Amtrak and the United States Postal Service to work together. There is a $50 million opportunity in the existing Bulk Mail Center network with Amtrak's existing fleet of trains." He added that while most people believe most mail is handled by air, it is not. Revenue ton-miles for trunk line carriers have declined since a 1969 peak. "This reflects diversion to highways," he said.

According to Shaffer, mail which could help move Amtrak passengers is now being trucked on such routes as Denver-Seattle, Denver-San Francisco, Cincinnati-Washington, Washington-Jacksonville, New York-Jacksonville, and Chicago-Jacksonville and Chicago-Cincinnati. There are routes into Los Angeles from Greensboro, N.C., Atlanta, Kansas City, and Dallas. Only the Dallas-Los Angeles route could not be handled on Amtrak's existing network, he pointed out.

Although Amtrak lacks a fleet of mail cars in which USPS shipments can be handled, this is not an obstacle, Shaffer said. "An adequate supply of cars can be furnished by car leasing companies. Amtrak will not need a new capital budget to expand its mail service. Leased cars can be used on a pay-as-you-go basis."

"Using the existing Amtrak network, the Postal Service can switch mail to Amtrak in service between Bulk Mail Center Cities and do the following: Save 10 million gallons of fuel yearly; improve mail service, strengthen and improve rail service, provide a basis for Amtrak service expansion; and assist the Congress in providing alternate transportation."

According to *The Locomotive Engineer,* all this would come to pass, Shaffer insists, in addition to that $50 million a year in increased revenue for Amtrak.

The Personality Parade

MAYBE YOU saw-heard "Anna Karenina," the TV version of Leo Tolstoy's novel in which the heroine wound up in an illicit love affair and ended her life by throwing herself in the path of an oncoming steam locomotive. If so, you might be interested to hear that Olive Burn-

ham, an Australian showgirl known as Teri King, jumped to her death at Paddington Station in front of a train on the London Underground. A former girl-friend of Frank Sinatra, Olive was depressed because she couldn't find any more work in show-business.

A BOOMER BRAKEMAN being examined for a job was asked: "Suppose you were the head-end flagman guarding a stalled freight train and were aware of the approach of another freight speeding from the opposite direction, just what would you do?"

A. "I would flag him down with my lantern—if it was night."

Q. "But if the opposing engineer failed to respond to your flag and kept coming at full speed, what would you do in that case?"

A. "If he didn't put her into the big hole, I'd throw my lantern at his head, through his cab window."

Q. "But supposing he still failed to slow down, what then?"

A. "I'd try to get in touch with my brother-in-law if he were anywhere in the vicinity."

Q. "Your brother-in-law—why?"

A. "He's a newspaper photographer, and if he showed up quick enough he'd get a picture of one hell of a wreck."

The boomer got the job, adds T.V. Garry, age 84, 330 W. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach, Calif. 90802, a retired brass-pounder and dispatcher who says he has been reading *Railroad Magazine* since 1910.

Hog on the Fast Mail

LOOKING BACK to my heyday as a Santa Fe lineman, I recall the time when a hotshot train, *The Fast Mail,* stopped at St. John, Kansas, to pick up a prize hog valued at $2,000, and a couple of deadheads—my brother and me—crawled aboard.

In those days—between Dec. 1950 and January '51, I was spending a lot of time working in Kansas on the Western division improving telephone communications across the 1st District that ran between Newton and Dodge City and the 2nd district, between Hutchinson and Kinsley via St. John. The speedy California and Colorado trains, including *The Fast Mail,* highballed over this route.

We installed an additional telephone circuit from Newton to Hutchinson, Great Bend, Kinsley, and into Dodge City, via the 1st District. This was a message phone used for general business. The district already had a dispatcher phone which served as a combined DS-message phone, but a lot of local work went over this district and we added the message phone to relieve the congestion.

Usually a dispatcher circuit took precedence in restoring service after a storm or disaster. This was to normalize train traffic as soon as possible. If a depot was a non-test office, only a bridged phone drop was brought in to the station, using a so-called set filter if a carrier circuit was superimposed on the voice frequency telephone circuit.

Steam locomotives were still being used across the districts, mostly 4-8-4's on the fast freight, 2-6-2's, 2-8-2's and 2-10-2's in local freight and on branches as well as 4-6-2's and 4-6-4's on local passengers. Diesels were in use on the through passenger trains. Usually steam showed up on *The Fast Mail.*

One week-end, my brother and I, while working at St. John, discussed about journeying into Amarillo, Texas, our home point, for our rest days. It was late Friday morning. We harbored an idea of riding into Great Bend, with the lineman, boarding the evening passenger train for a Newton connection for Amarillo. The *San Francisco Chief* and the *Grand Canyon* were scheduled close together, westbound, out of Newton.

The St. John agent overheard our conversation. He said he had just received a telegraphed message that the eastbound *The Fast Mail* would stop at St. John that afternoon to unload a prize Hampshire boar hog that was being shipped via Railway Express for breeding purposes. His waybill showed that it was coming from California and was valued at a lot of money.

My brother and I borrowed the agent's auto, made a quick check out of the town's ancient hotel and back to the depot in quick time. *The Fast Mail* finally pulled in for its unscheduled stop. Ordinarily, this train would speed past the depot at 60 miles per hour, slowing enough to pick a mail sack off the mail crane and rattling the depot windows. But today it was different.

We were waiting outside on the platform, ready to swing aboard the rear-end rider car. The express car was next to the rider car, and the train stopped in front of the depot. A truck had eased up to the car for unloading the prize hog. He was a big one, weighing around 500 pounds. The shipping crate was so long that a coupler could have been put on each end, two trucks installed, and he could have been pulled in the train. The boar grunted, probably wondering what in hell was going on.

Anyhow, while he was being loaded, my brother and I climbed aboard for the ride to Newton, made a good connection to Amarillo for our rest days, and later returned to St. John.—William O. Gibson, 4427 30th St., San Diego, Calif. 92116.

Our Monthly Newscast

RAILROAD FUNERAL coach of Sir Winston Churchill has been in dusty storage in a warehouse at San Pedro, Calif., for 12 years. "It's still here, and as long as they keep paying the rent, we won't bother them," says the warehouse manager.

"They" is the City of Industry, a town near Los Angeles, which bought

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the historic car for $980, its scrap value, from British Railways soon after the late Prime Minister's funeral in 1965. It was—and is—planned to convert the coach into a museum as the feature attraction of a proposed new park. But when? Nobody seems to know.

A BIG QUESTION MARK faces the 39-mile Canton Railroad, the switching line which serves major industries in the Canton region of Baltimore, Md., reports Norman J. Perrin. The road's executive vice president, William H. Smith, says this spring he will ask the ICC for permission to abandon the rail service. However, the company is still working on plans to revitalize their line and may still be able to "back away" from the proposed abandonment even after the petition is filed.

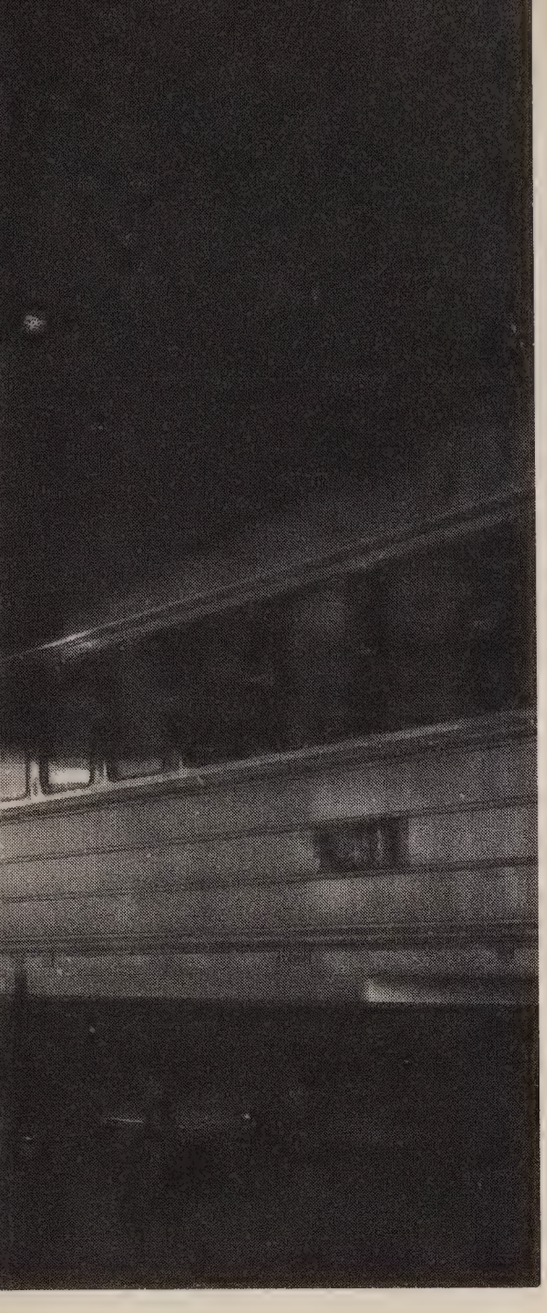
THE ONLY WAY the 27-mile branch line of the Delaware & Otsego between Maysville and Corry, Pa., can become economically feasible, according to a consulting company, is for Chatauqua County to get into the railroad business with the aid of a Federal grant. This conclusion was reached after a two-month study paid for by the county, shippers, and D&O. Gerald McKenna, consultant, said the line would lose about $100,000 a year as a private operation. That figure doesn't include acquisition cost. Operation has been subsidized by the state but is scheduled to be shut down this spring as a money-loser.

A RECORD $1.5 billion was invested in new and expanded industry along Southern Railway lines in 1977, providing more than 11,000 new jobs and generating a lot of new in rail freight traffic. A total of 140 industrial development projects were announced on Southern's 10,500-mile, 13-state system last year. Of those, 50 were new plants, 42 were warehouse or distribution facilities, and 48 were additions to existing plants.

Items from Our Scrapbook

A CIVIL WAR episode comes from Henry Korman, 3050 Maryland St., Longview, Wash. 98632, who got it from *Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers* (1878). He does not know which type engine was involved, but believes it was a 4-4-0, for he says that until the advent of the Shay, the Heisler, and the Climax, no steam locomotive could negotiate curves as well as the American type. Here is the story:

Petersburg and Richmond, Va., fell into the hands of the Federal troops near the close of the Civil War. The base of latter for many months had been at City Point,



It's dark and cold at 6 a.m. on December 6, 1977, at Hamlet, N.C., as northbound train No. 82, the *Silver Star* waits for highball.
Photograph by Mike Small

on the James River. Early one morning orders were received to run the trains of the U.S. Military Railways into Petersburg without delay. This was done by noon of the same day. This order was followed up by another—that railroad communication should be effected with Richmond at once.

The railroad bridge at Petersburg, over the Appomattox, had been burned. No connection at that place had ever been made in peace times. Examination showed that heavy excavations, etc., requiring time for which the War Department never made allowance, must be made before any reasonable connection with the Richmond line could be made.

Contrary to the advice of trackman and bridge-builders, a sharp curve was laid out, of more than 100 degrees, with a radius of 50 feet, on what was to become the mainline. The curve was on trestlework . . . and the ties were of sound white pine, three inches in thickness, and the rails were double-spiked. Two guard rails, double-spiked, also were used.

Railroaders generally condemned the bridge and curve at first sight, but the commanding civil engineer selected the worst curve-taking engine in service, the *Government,* and ordered her to make the first trial. Walking backward and in front, as this engine slowly made her way, it was easy to perceive her action on this sharp curve. A little pressure on the outer rail seemed to drive the wheels down on to the inner rail and demonstrated . . . that the curve must be passed through at greater speed.

When the engine crews became accustomed to the curve, the speed through it was usually from 8 to 10 miles an hour. A very large traffic passed over this curve for months afterward . . . and no accident or trouble was experienced at the piace in question.

SPECIAL TRAINS have been chartered for a great many purposes; but only once, according to available records, for a head of cheese. A Canadian Pacific train left Perth, Ont., on April 11, 1893, for Chicago with an 11-ton cheese, incased in steel boilerplate 6 feet high and 28 feet in circumference, for exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition by Canadian Dairy Products. It was made from 207,200 pounds of milk, equal to the output of 10,000 cows for one day, solidified by 200 tons pressure.

A TORNADO which hit Oakdale, Wisc., on July 1, 1907, killed three people and destroyed much property. Later, a letter addressed to one of the victims and carried in his pocket was found on the prairie near Prairie du Chien, at least 150 miles away! At 5 p.m., just before the twister struck, a westbound freight train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passed Oakdale and not a breath of air was stirring. Suddenly the crew heard a low rumbling noise like a steamroller and spied a big, black, funnel-shaped cloud about two miles away moving in a northwesterly direction.

The train began to slow down, as though a magnet were pulling it backward. When the ominous cloud was only about a mile away, the train was not going faster than a walk. Big drops of rain fell, but the crew felt no wind. Then the whole sky darkened. They saw trees being uprooted and brush and wood whirled around. It was terrifying. Two and a half miles west of Oakdale the train crossed a small creek just as a strong blast hit it, blowing off the tops of five freight cars. Then abruptly the twister ran into a high cliff and changed its course, missing the train by about 200 feet.

Conductor W.P. Long asked engineer Floyd Green why he hadn't gone faster. "I did my best," Green said. "The old mill was getting the works, with the lever down in the corner. I was just as anxious as anyone to get away from that bad actor."

New Zealand Heard From

AS A REGULAR reader of your magazine since the 1930s, except for wartime postal interruptions, I find it pleasant and informative reading. I have made use of your lists of railroad books, but regret your scarcity of information about 16mm and 8mm railroad movies. I have bought such items from Blackhawk Films and Interurban Films, both in the U.S.A., as well as from English sources, and now have quite a library of railroad titles. I have also taken many thousands of feet of 16 and 8mm film of New Zealand steam activities. Perhaps many of your readers are movie amateurs, but they seem to remain anonymous.

Has anyone the initiative to organize an exchange of such films? Some people may have little-used or mediocre films for exchange on a trial basis before graduating to more valuable ones as confidence is built up. I don't know what restrictions, if any, there are on postal entry of non-commercial films to U.S.A. There are none here in New Zealand if they were declared "of no commercial value" and to be duster-free.

In the growing move to restore and operate retired steam locos in my own country, there are new opportunities to make movies of them. In my own city, members of the local preservation group are running up to three steam locos every week-end. They also have 6 or 7 more in storage awaiting restoration, including a tiny 100-year-old 0-6-0T and a huge 4-8-4 built less than 40 years ago.

Another society, 50 miles from here, has nearly two miles of excellent track and own and use a 0-4-0T and a 4-8-4. This group has also dug up out of a river bed, after 40 year's interment, a Rogers 2-4-2 brought to New Zealand in 1878. She is being restored to running order, has already had the boiler retubed, passed a hydraulic test, cylinders rebored, and much other work done.

I will give further information to any

North American reader who encloses 30 cents in loose U.S. or Canadian stamps to compensate me for a prompt airmail reply.—Cyril E.F. Evans, 16 Albany St., Christchurch 1, New Zealand.

Australian Railways

VERN DYASON, as general manager of Australian National Railways, heads an empire in deep financial trouble. It loses $1.5 million a week. Despite the loss—and there's no early sign of a turnaround—Mr. Dyason is disarmingly frank and strangely optimistic.

The national system, a conglomeration of the old Commonwealth Railways, country South Australian railways, and Tasmanian Railways has 13,000 employes, 15,000 locomotives and other rolling stock, and carries 11.8 million tons of freight and 960,000 passengers a year.

On March 1, 1975, the SA and Tasmanian railways, under an agreement worked out with the Whitlam Government, officially came under the ANR mantle. The job of amalgamating and integrating the three railways to form Australia's largest single railway has been enormous. It has taken three years.

One of the biggest hurdles was simplifying the myriad of industrial awards covering the 13,000 employes of the three separate systems.

There were no fewer than 40 federal and state awards when the unions and ANR sat down to rationalize the industrial relations system. Today there are four awards.

According to *The Advertising* of Adelaide, South Australia, Mr. Dyason, a 58-year-old former Commonwealth Railways executive, admits that Australian railways, and his in particular, have not gone after business as they should have.

"We've got the capacity to handle much more than we do," he says. "We simply can't let the losses go on. It's bad for our workers' morale being in a loser business. It's tough on management."

But he believes the price of oil fuels may eventually determine ANR's economic future. The cost of transport around Australia by road (the railways' main competitor) may become prohibitive, as Australia's self-sufficiency in oil drops from 1980 on.

Australia's most modern diesel locomotives operate (from a fuel-use standpoint) at one tenth the cost a kilometer of the most efficient road transporters.—A Mann, P.O. Box 3, Drummoyne, New South Wales 2047, Australia. ●

Scoops and Throttles

IT SEEMS LIKE yesterday that I was tossing coal into those powerful, hand-fired coalburners on the Canadian Pacific's Kettle Valley line out of Nelson, B.C. But almost 50 years have rolled by since my last trip over that division. Before transferring to Revelstoke and the CP mainline where, incidentally, there were plenty of hand-bombers.

But it was on the KV where I started firing, in 1926, that steam

William F. Bolton, 21 Cowles Rd., Mosman, N.S.W. 2088, Australia

No. C 3817, one of the 53 double-deck motor cars built in 1972 for suburban service on the 1500-volt electrified system of New South Wales Government Railways for fast commuter service.

locos utterly fascinated me. In the 1920s most of the engines at Nelson were Consolidations (2-8-0) well suited for climbing the many steep grades in that mountainous area and negotiating the sharp curves. Previous to 1931, the Kettle Valley line started at Proctor, 20 miles east of Nelson, and headed west through southern British Columbia, connecting with the CPT mainline at Hope, B.C., 90 miles east of Vancouver.

Beginning in 1931, the rails were continued along the west shore of Kootenay Lake, to connect with the Crowsnest route at the south end of the lake at Sirdar. So, apart from that 20-mile section east, all our trips out of Nelson were westbound. Up to 1931, all freight cars over the line were hauled alongside the lake for the 40 miles between Procter and Sirdar, by steam tugs and barges owned and operated by CPR. Passengers were transported by paddle-wheel steamers.

In 1925, I had the unforgettable experience of working on these tugs and barges. It was a high point of my life. My favorite engines on the KV line were the 3600 Consolidations. They had 63' drivers and carried 190 lbs, of boiler pressure. With a good grade of coal, keeping up steam on them was no problem, although at times it was hard work if you had a full tonnage drag of lead-zinc concentrates for the smelter at Trail, B.C.

Most engineers on hand-fired jobs would spell you off with the scoop on tough trips. I invariably found it a thrill to handle the throttle on such occasions, sometimes for a long period if the hogger was young and enjoyed going back to swinging a scoop. One of the best inventions in a coal-burner cab was the air-controlled firebox door. All you had to do was hit the air pedal with your left foot as you tossed a scoopful of coal toward the firebox. With a bit of practice, you soon had the door opening and closing in a minimum of time. It was important to prevent too much cold air from entering the firebox and thus causing a drop in steam pressure. I used to wonder how firemen had got along in the days when the firebox door was opened by a chain.

On steep grades, when full cutoff was necessary, you had to keep the back corners of your fire well banked and make sure there were no holes anywhere in the firebed. The holes were hard to see on the blinding white-hot maze of flames, so an experienced fireman would use an empty scoop to shield his eyes while checking his fire. That he did by laying the scoop on the firebox rim of the doors.

How well I recall my first experience of having a water-glass break on a trip! We had an old type engine that day. The only protection around her water-glass was light-gage wire mesh. We were highballing along with a medium drag when the glass broke, instantly filling the cab with steam. My hogger knew what to do. Throwing his coat over his head to protect his face, he soon had the two valves closed off. Luckily, we had a spare glass in the seatbox and it was a simple job to install.

After that jolting episode, I was always thankful to get trips on engines equipped with a heavy protective plate—glass around the water-glass. There was no danger then of being scalded by steam if the glass should break. As that had happned on my second or third trip as a fireman, the blast of wet steam gave me a scare, but on later trips I was well prepared with the necessary course of action in the event of a breakage.

Five miles west of Nelson the KV line crosses the Kootenay River at Tagnum. Nowadays, the river at that point is very wide, more like a lake, due to the Cora Lynn dam, which had been built a few miles down-river from Tagnum. But during the time I fired out of Nelson, long before that dam was put in, Tagnum bridge spanned the river at a narrow gorge, where the swift water boiled along between sheer granite walls. Coming out of a short tunnel while westbound, we'd make a right turn onto the bridge, which was very narrow and single-tracked. The bridge parapets were very low, and until the engine straightened up, a fireman could look down at that seething mass of water only a few feet below.

Until you got used to it, you had the horrifying sense that your engine was heading right down into the river! It was the same situation while eastbound to Nelson, because the track curved to the right also as it swung onto Tagnum bridge. On those southbound trips we'd be working steam on the upgrade, which added to that hair-raising few moments of being virtually suspended over the swift green water in that slender canyon!

You could not possibly be bored on trips over the Kettle Valley line. Riding the cab of a 3600 was a fascinating job. I enjoyed the thrilling sound of their thunderous exhaust as we'd climb the long 2 percent grades. On trips out of Nelson, with a full tonnage drag a fireman would have it relatively easy as far as Castlegar, due to the grade being slightly down as it followed the Kootenay River.

As we swung south on the Branen line to Trail and Roseland, we had to climb China Creek hill, which is around 2 percent. No pushers were provided for such runs, so inevitably that we had to "double the hill." Even powerful 3600's couldn't handle full tonnage there. But life was beautiful anytime on the KV line, and I miss it.—Bert Lanning, 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 1Nd. ●

Riding footboards of CN Mogul 428 at Pt. Ellice yard, Victoria, B.C., in '51.
Photograph by Elwood White

CANADIAN RAILWAYS 150 YEARS OLD

THE EARLIEST railways in Canada were horse-drawn coal-haulers in Nova Scotia: at Pictou in 1827 and North Sydney in 1828, both 5 feet, 4 inches gage. They were reputedly the earliest railways on this continent to use iron rails, cast in 5-foot lengths. The country's first steel rails were used in about 1875.

Canada's first steam railway was the Champlain & St. Lawrence, 15 miles from LaPrairie on the St. Lawrence River to St. John on the Richelieu River, 5½-foot gage, chartered in 1932, opened July 21, 1836. Its first locomotive, the *Dorchester,* was built in England by Robert Stephenson & Co. and delivered in 1837.

Upper Canada's first railway, the Erie & Ontario, originally horse-drawn, was built in 1839 around Niagara Falls from Queenstown to Chippawa. Toronto Locomotive Works produced the first Canadian-built locomotive, which made her maiden run May 16, 1853, on the Northern Ry. The *Scotia,* Canada's first steam-boilered locomotive, was designed by Richard Easton, built in 1861 by the Great Western Ry. of Canada at Hamilton, Ontario.

Canada's first major train collision—in 1854 between a ballast train and a passenger train—killed 47 people. The first through train between a ballast train and a passenger train—killed 47 people. The first through train between Montreal and Toronto ran Oct. 27, 1858, on the Grant Trunk Ry. (now part of Canadian National).

Canada's rail mileage: 22 in 1848, 66 in 1850, and 2,065 in 1850. On July 1, 1867, date of the union of Canadian provinces, there were 15 railways with 2,495 route-miles, 485 steam locomotives, 674 passenger cars, 4,214 freight cars, and 9,391 employees. In 1873, Prince Edward Island, with 218 railway miles being built, joined the Federation. The national government completed the line and opened it in 1875. Six years later the Grant Trunk and Great Western railways were merged with 473 other miles of line in western Ontario.

In 1887 Canada's rail mileage was 11,891, including the Canadian Pacific's 4,175 and the Grant Trunk's 2,598. It had 1,633 locomotives and 1,350 passenger cars ranging from second class to sleeping and parlor cars, a few of which were electrically lit by 1888. Newfoundland's first railway, from St. John's to Port aux Basques, 547 miles, 3½-foot gauge, was completed in 1896. By the turn of the century the Dominion had 17,481 rail miles, including Canadian Pacific's 6,873, Grant Trunk's 3,138, and the Intercolonial's 1,511. ●

When Pier 1 of the Richelieu River bridge on the Canadian National Railways near Beloeil, Que., was removed, business proceeded as usual, although traffic moved on "slow orders." In this shot, a CNR train, hauled by 4-8-4 No. 6160, is just nosing on to the bridge. Temporary steel false-work was used to carry the bridge while the old masonry pier was removed and concrete pier built.

Canadian National Railways

Steaming Kwakoegron is the biggest station on Surinam's 52-mile colorful narrow-gage railway.
Photograph by Robert G. Lewis

ON THE SURINAM NARROW-GAGE

by ROBERT G. LEWIS

MY ZEAL for railway mileage took me on a rewarding journey into the jungles of Surinam on the northeastern coast of South America. The ultimate train ride cost $1.40; getting there and back, $700. I had heard of a remnant of a narrow-gage railway there, unpolluted by the diesel and powered by wood-burners. Surinam is the former Dutch Guiana, which the British traded for Manhattan, then New Amsterdam, in 1667. It lies just north of the equator, between Guyana and French Guiana.

Trips to the library yielded little information about Surinam. However, the country has a tourist bureau in New York City at 1 Rockefeller Plaza. John Nelson, the amiable Surinamese in charge of it, confirmed that the railroad existed. That was enough to get me across Fifth Avenue to the KLM airline ticket office.

There are no direct flights from New York to Paramaribo, Surinam's capital city and only city, but KLM has a direct connecting service via Aruba that makes it possible to get to Paramaribo in one day. I went there. Paramaribo's international airport is at Zanderij, 30 miles from the capital city by taxi or a jitney which takes you to the door of the delightful Torarica Hotel.

The train does, indeed, operate. It starts from Onverwacht, 18 miles south of Paramaribo, departing at 8:15 a.m., but runs on Tuesdays only. It rests up in Brownsweg, 52 miles deeper inland, for a return trip on Thursdays. The line used to start right in Paramaribo, but was cut back in 1961 when a paved road was built to Onverwacht. More recently, the lower half was lopped off because the line was flooded by a hydro-electric project, built to power the nations bauxite and aluminum industries. Surinam is the world's third largest producer of bauxite.

To get to Onverwacht requires an early call, and a taxi ride to a section of the city called Beekhuisen, to catch a 7 a.m. connecting bus. The ancient bus is filled by 6:50. While waiting for its departure, you can watch as two trucks are stacked with freight—outboard motors, drums

of kerosene, tanks of cooking gas, bird cages, personal effects, and even a dog. An uncomfortable ride brings you to Onverwacht well before the train is scheduled to leave.

Then it all comes true! Here, men stow cordwood into the cab of a smoking steam engine of Lilliputian stature as an engineer walks around with his long-snouted oilcan lubricating bearings on the reciprocating parts that crank the four tiny driving-wheels. There is no tender; the wood is stacked in the tiny cab, leaving just enough room for the fireman and engineer.

PASSENGERS are transferred and freight is trans-shipped from the bus and the trucks to the train—an undertaking big enough to delay departure half an hour, to no one's apparent concern. Not mine, anyway. It is a rare chance to inspect the locomotive and the collection of equipment parked nearby which, if located in the States, could be fenced in and labelled a museum, commanding admission charges from railfans and antiquarians alike.

Our locomotive's name *Dam,* is proudly displayed on a highly polished brass plate under the cab window. I speculate on the many ways that name may have come about, but find out later that Dam was the southern terminus of the original line. Another plate reveals the engine's geneology: "Build by A. Borsig, Berlin, 1904." Nearby are three other steamers in working condition, and seven more in various stages of decay, rusting and robbed for spare parts.

A fleet of diesel railcars, no longer used, is in a state of near collapse. "Can't get parts from the company that made them, in Germany," a railway worker explains, but he doesn't know who the manufacturer is, or was.

Two high-pitched notes from the peanut whistle at 8:44 brings last-minute farewells from the platform to some 150 passengers crowded on board. *K-plunk, k-plunk, k-plunk, k-plunk, k-plung,* and our five-car train is underway. The old wooden cars have no brakes. The engine starts first and each car follows separately as the slack is drawn out of the link-and-pin couplings. But the engine does have brakes, so the train stops, *k-lump, k-lump, k-lump, k-lump, k-lump,* as the cars compress.

The coaches are *airco.* Two of the three coaches have no glass in the windows—the third has windows that won't go up, but drop down into the side of the coach to open. Each car has a deep wooden overhang, like an awning, which keeps the hot sun and the rain on the outside where they belong. Inside, the jungle-bound passengers seem to be cheerful. Most are already working on their lunches, including an infant sucking milk from the breast of an unabashed mother.

Our train quickly reaches top speed, which is 18 mph. The little engine seems to work without effort. A smell of burning wood wafts back along the coaches, but the ride is surprisingly clean. The coaches are not. The steps are a good place to ride, and nobody seems to mind; in fact, grab one on the shady side early or they will all be gone.

It occurs to you that the ride will take six hours and you are already half an hour behind schedule. Why were you foolhardy enough to start out in the first place? But you can't turn back now. There are no roads, and the return train won't be by till Thursday.

Happily, the jungle gets more dense, the land more hilly, and the villages more primitive as the ride progresses; so you're bored. The 18-mph pace begins to seem like speeding. There are no parallel highways to establish relative values, only the ever-changing trees and flora of the tropical forest which, to a New Yorker, seems like a never-ending botanical garden.

Most interesting, of course, are the villages or settlements, which are the reason why the train still runs. They are the communities of bush Negroes, sometimes mere clearings in the dense jungle, with half a dozen thatch structures. The weekly train brings the scant supplies they need from outside, takes the handful of letters that go to the natives, and brings family members home for visits.

At 12:26 noon you pull into Kwakoegron, the only real town on the 52-mile run. Most of the passengers leave the train while most of the freight is being unloaded. A crew man beckons me to follow, and we go down a quarter-mile spur which ends abruptly at a deep, wide, fast-moving river. The Saramacca, he tells me.

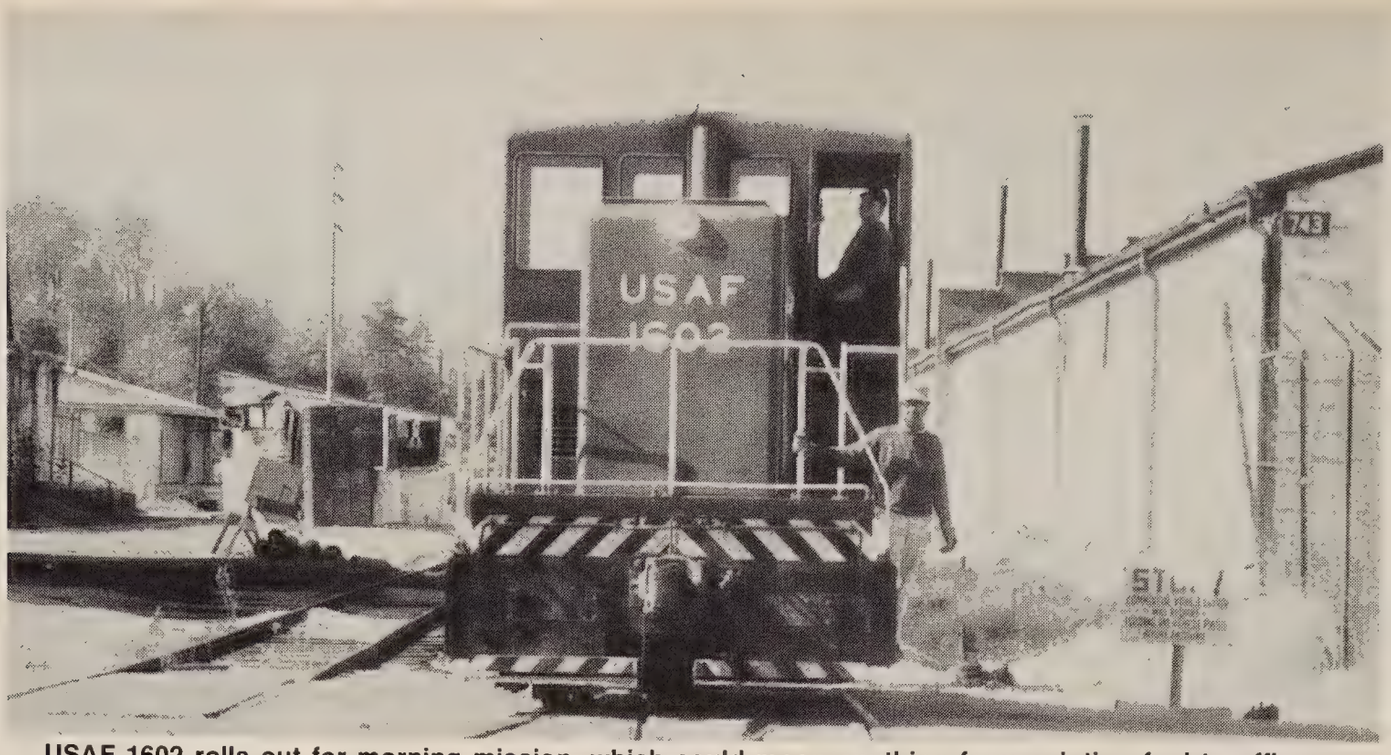
ALONE BUSHMAN, clad only in loincloth, paddles his dugout upstream. On the way back he fills a thermos from the engine's water tank and offers me a drink from the lid. Further up the line, he had bought me fresh ripe bananas, right off a nearby tree. Good thing, too, for I had come unprepared. Unlike most tropical railways, there is no vendor on the train, and no vendors of food or drinks at stops along the way.

About two o'clock we come to a village where bulldozers are cutting a road, and we see the first highway vehicles since the early part of the journey.

Not long after, the few remaining passengers begin collecting their goods as the first houses of Brownsweg come in view. Too soon, this delightful adventure into a South American jungle and into railroading's past is over. The jitney back to Paramaribo makes it in two hours, but it is twice as dirty as the train, and only one-tenth the fun.

IF YOU decide to visit Surinam, book your return flight. Planes originate from Amsterdam and don't always have space out of Paramaribo. Half the fun can be getting there, or getting home, if you take advantage of a stopover at Aruba or Curacao, where you have to change planes anyway.

There's a lot to do in Surinam besides the train ride. Polyglot Paramaribo is itself a tourist attraction. There are great trips into the jungles, by land or by river. You will see few American tourists, but your dollars will be accepted for Surinam guilders anywhere. Bring summer clothes and raincoats. The mean temperature is 80 degrees. You'll need old clothes for the train trip, preferably brownish red—the color of the dust that abounds on the road back from Brownsweg to Paramaribo. ●



USAF 1602 rolls out for morning mission, which could mean anything from aviation fuel to office desks.

Photograph by Sgt. Rob Ramsharan

A Ten-Man Railroad

by Staff Sgt. Rob Sexton

EVER HEAR of a railroad that spends about half of its operating time going backward and runs 99 percent of the time within the confines of a fence? Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio has such a line, operated by 10 persons trained to do any job required by the 14-mile railway.

Wright-Patterson's little Railroad Operations Unit was performing yeoman service to the base when military aviation was still in its formative years. The original tracks connected the quartermaster warehouse on old Wilbur Wright Field—the birthplace of aviation—with the Ohio Electric Railway at Fairfield, Ohio. By 1921, total trackage was 18,577 feet through extensions to connections with the Big Four (Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis) and to base gravel pits and coal yards.

The unit served organizations that have long since disappeared from the Miami Valley, such as the Fairfield Air Intermediate Depot, Aviation General Supply Depot, Wright Field, and McCook Field. According to Edwin N. Schoor, chief to the traffic management section there, the railroad is the oldest continuously operating activity on the base.

Steam switch engines and steam-operated cranes were used throughout these early years, until diesel engines and more modern cranes replaced them in 1952. Today, the unit includes seven "big hooks," five locomotives, ten coal hopper cars, one boxcar, and two track repair cars.

This operation aims to keep Wright-Patterson a comfortable place for work. All the coal burned in five major heating plants comes by rail to be unloaded and stockpiled by cranes assigned to the unit. Later the cranes feed that coal to the plants. Each year from 120,000 to 130,000 tons of coal arrive at the base for heating purposes.

"The receipt of all this fuel means we handle from 1,800 to 2,000 coal hopper cars annually," said Frank Smith, unit chief. "We also get many other types of rail cars and material. These range from aviation fuel to office furniture, lumber, oil, sand, fertilizer, and building materials."

Smith is especially proud that the little railroad handled all of the structural steel brought to the base for the construction of the Air Force Museum, finished in 1971. The unit has only ten operation personnel, backed up by two heavy mobile equipment mechanics, a yardmaster, one traffic clerk and the chief—but this small group is trained to handle any contingency.

"Most of the men are cross-trained for more than one duty," said R.P. Billingham, yardmaster. "Several of our men can perform just about any task assigned to the unit. Maintenance of equipment is urgent, so the operators know how to perform daily maintenance and minor repairs themselves. Two mechanics handle adjustments and monthly inspections."

The unit has a great safety record: no accident resulting in serious injury for more than 15 years. Two years ago, bids were solicited from commercial railroads serving the base to determine the cost of switching to commercial service. The findings were encouraging: Wright-Patterson could run its own line for about one-third the cost of contracting the work. The little railroad is unchallenged in terms of efficiency and service to the 24,000 customers within its domain. ●

Cuyahoga Valley Line Mike 4070, ex-Grand Trunk Western 2-8-2, passes under a relic of the steam age, a huge coaling tipple at Akron, Ohio, on a Midwest Railway Historical Foundation excursion.

Ronald N. Johnson, 662 Highland Ave., So. Portland, Me. 04106

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

Eastbound train No. 18, the *Rio Grande Zephyr,* accelerates out of siding in desert area of upper Utah, on wintry day in January, 1975. D&RGW business car No. 100 brings up rear on consist.

Richard Loveman, 1238 Krameria St., Denver, Colo. 80220

Due to drifts from recent near-blizzard, train 350 is about to leave Cape May for Lindenwold, N.J., on Feb. 10, 1978 with Conrail GP-38 No. 7669, ex-PRSL 2009, hauling Budds M413 and M402.

H. Gerald MacDonald, 124 East Wisteria Rd., Wildwood Crest, N.J. 08260

An anonymous student of architecture is making a close-up photographic study of the abandoned ex-Atlantic Coast Line freight depot at Church St. in Orlando, Fla., in 1975.

Photograph by Fred Clark, Jr.

SINCE Feb. 14th Amtrak has been operating a sixth train in each direction between Los Angeles and San Diego in a cooperative venture with the County of Los Angeles and the California Department of Transportation. This new service, *El Camino,* utilizing equipment owned by the County, leaves Los Angeles on Sundays through Fridays at 4:30 p.m. and leaves San Diego at 5:45 a.m.

A citizens group known as the Transportation Action Committee of Southern California has blasted this commuter train, calling it "ludicrous." The group's chairman, Virgil D. Waters, said the eight-car train, which cost the county $2.1 million to buy, is being used only by San Diego commuters. "No one in our county really benefits from the expenditure of these tax dollars," he alleged.

Waters predicted the train would not break even because tickets cost more than bus fares. He noted that on the second day of operation, the new train was carrying only 98 passengers, "far below the 500-passenger capacity." As part of a joint agreement with the state, L.A. County put up $400,000 to help subsidize the train during the first six months of operation.

WHEN Kathy Teitrick isn't selling tickets at Amtrak's station in Winter Haven, Fla., she can usually be found on Greenland Farms, her 25-acre ranch in Lakeland, tending to an unusual family-owned business: raising and breeding Arabian horses, nine mares and two stallions. Her husband is a Seaboard Coast Lines engineer.

Fair belle of yesteryear steps daintily onto steps of Union Pacific's *Los Angeles Limited* in Chicago. Porter, with C&NW jacket, lends hand.

Union Pacific

IN RESPONSE to requests from members of the National Association of Railroad Passengers, *NARP News* has listed the names of the executives with direct responsibility for different aspects of Amtrak. When appropriate, copies of your letters should still go to your legislators and to Amtrak President Paul Reistrup. The new address of Amtrak headquarters is 400 N. Capitol St., Washington, DC 20001, which is close to Union Station (and somewhat less expensive than were the L'Enfant Plaza offices).

Complaints about equipment conditions, on-time performance, and quality of service at stations or aboard trains: Robert Herman, VP and General Manager, National Operations, or, within the Northeast Corridor (including Springfield, Mass., and Harrisburg, Pa.), Albert M. Schofield, VP and General Manager, Northeast Corridor. (But comments regarding On-Board Services, including menus and all personnel except conductors and trainmen, should go to H. Rex Holland, Director, On-Board Services.)

Equipment design; station conditions: James Cowell, VP—Operations Support.

Consumer services (including requests for refunds): Dennis Vorbau, Manager, Consumer Relations.

Advertising: Al Michaud, VP—Marketing, or Joseph Falsetti, Director, Marketing Services.

New routes or route changes: John Clarke, VP—Executive Planning.

LACK OF COAL due to the strike of United Mine Workers led the Chessie System to discontinue temporarily one of its two operating coalburning Lake Michigan trainferries. Each of the giant boats burns 70 tons of coal in a 24-hour period. Chessie took the action to conserve dwindling fuel supplies. The other trainferry is still operating seven days a week on an unscheduled basis between Ludington, Mich., and the Wisconsin ports of Milwaukee and Manitowoc and Kewaunee.

CANADIAN NATIONAL's Turbo trains have completed two million miles of service—a distance equivalent to travelling around the world 80

times! Since they began full-time operation in 1973, they have carried an estimated one million passengers in the heavily-travelled Montreal-Ottawa-Toronto corridor. Now the three Turbo trains run only between Montreal and Toronto.

The Turbos, whose aerodynamic design and gas-powered turbine engines represent the most modern rail passenger equipment in Canada, are capable of speeds well in excess of 100 mph. In April '77 a Turbo train set a Canadian speed record of 140.6 mph on a special run between Montreal and Toronto. Designed by Sikorsky Aircraft, these trains were built by MLW-Worthington to specifications of United Aircraft of Canada, now known as Pratt & Whitney of Canada Ltd.

A LITTLE lost train wandered through Buffalo's Central Terminal one Sunday last winter—a train trying to make it from Chicago to New York and Washington. It was the *Broadway Limited,* once the prize of the old Pennsylvania Railroad as it went between New York and Chicago across Pennsylvania. On that particular Sunday, however, the *Broadway* couldn't make it through Pennsylvania, so Amtrak diverted it through Buffalo with its 200 passengers. It left Buffalo more than four hours after it was supposed to have reached New York City.

Ironically, it was diverted to the route of the old *Twentieth Century Limited,* pride of the New York Central, arch-rival of the *Broadway Limited* and the Pennsy.

FRED NEEL, whom President Jimmy Carter picked as a consumer representative on Amtrak's board of directors, is an air-conditioning contractor who hadn't ridden any kind of train since 1964.

A FAMOUS NAME of trains serving Florida's West Coast was revived as Amtrak restored the daily New York-St. Petersburg *Champion* to its timetables. Routed via Washington, Raleigh, Columbia, and Savannah, the *Champion* serves such other Florida cities as Jacksonville, Orlando, and Tampa.

Amtrak's daily overnight train between Washington, D.C., New York City, Vermont, and Montreal has been converted from traditional steam-heated equipment to Amfleet cars, plus refurbished, electric-heated sleepers. The train offers dining car service with waiters, plus Amtrak's first "Amlounge" for refreshments.

For the first time since Amtrak began serving Elyria, Ohio, in 1975, the city now has its own Amtrak passenger station with ticket-selling and baggage-check service. Elyria is served by the *Lake Shore Limited* linking Chicago with New York and Boston.

A new Amtrak station in the Midway section, just 10 minutes away from both downtown Minneapolis and St. Paul, can accommodate 350 passengers and visitors. Designed for easy expansion, it now serves six trains daily.

Among Amtrak's newest "Amfleet" trains is the Duluth-Twin Cities Arrowhead. Modern, electrically-heated and carpeted cars with reclining seats and tray tables have replaced equipment averaging almost 30 years in age. The train serves a year-around recreation area.

Amtrak is operating a series of twice-monthly one-day excursions from New York City to the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, beginning March 18. Excursionists will be given the option before arriving in Lancaster, Pa., "capital" of the region, of a shopping spree tour to discount supermarkets at nearby Reading, or a sightseeing tour through the lush Amish farmlands to Gettysburg. The latter tour includes the battlefield and a sound-light presentation.

The special rail excursions, with new Amfleet equipment leave from New York's Penn Station at 8:35 a.m. on the first and third Saturday of each month, arriving in Lancaster at 11 a.m. Stops en route include Newark at 8:50 a.m. and MetroPark at 9:07 a.m. Leaving Lancaster at 6 p.m., return times are 8:10 p.m. MetroPark—8:30 p.m. Newark, and 8:45 p.m. Penn Station.

Complete price for the rail trip and shoppers' tour is $24.50 for adults, $16 for kids under 12; for the Amish Country-Gettysburg tour, adults $29.50, kids, $21.

Amtrak honored eight of its leading overseas travel agents for 1977 sales achievements at a dinner in San Francisco. International Golden Spike Awards were given to Geoffrey Marsh, Thomas Cook Ltd., London; Kiyotaka Ochi, Japan Travel Bureau, Tokyo; Rudolph Hain, Deutsches Reisburo, Frankfurt; Isa Hansen, Amtliches Bayerisches Reisboro, Munich; Bob Brown, CIT Australia Pty, Ltd., Sydney; Cynthia Smith, Kuoni Travel Ltd., Zurich; Graham Caldwell, Carefree Holidays Ltd., Auckland, and Christine Baratte, Wingate Travel, Paris.

It was the first year the Australian and New Zealand agencies had won the awards. Each of the others had won previously.

NORTRAN (North Suburban Mass Transit District) has moved into first place as the fastest growing transit system in the nation. During the first 10 months of 1977, its ridership was up 43.9 percent, ranking it first among 126 conventional transit systems reporting, according to figures released by the American Public Transit Association.

NORTRAN also carried its 5,000,000th rider on Monday, Dec. 5, 1977, according to Joseph DiJohn, executive director and general manager. He estimated that total 1977 ridership will be around 5,200,000, compared with 3,605,000 passengers carried in 1976.

"These ridership gains," he said, "are due primarily to a fleet fully modernized since 1975, more frequent service intervals on major routes, new RTA routes, and a system which permits transfer to the CTA and other RTA carriers."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC has given the California Public Utilities Commission requested figures that indicated a peak-period-only commuter rail service would cut operating losses on the line by as much as 57 percent—from about $8.4 million to $3.6 million a year.

SP presently runs 44 Peninsula weekday trains (22 each way) for an average total of about 7,500 riders. Some 5,700 commuters—76 percent of the total—use the 26 peak-period trains (13 each way), and that service confined to the present peak trains would result in an annual loss of about $5.8 million.

Further analysis by SP demonstrates that, because ridership has declined in recent years, the railroad could consolidate some trains and revise schedules to cut the annual loss to $3.6 million, and still provide a capacity of 6,300 seats for the 5,700 peak riders, with a 16-train weekday operation—eight in each direction. All the trains could be made up of the newer doubledeck commute cars.

JAMES PLOMER

by Freeman Hubbard

(Jim's photographs haven't reached us yet, as we go to press.)

JAMES PLOMER'S "home, sweet home" has been on three continents, not to mention the rolling deck of ships on the high seas. Maybe his birthplace—a coastal town in Sussex—predisposed him to a maritime career. Jim came into the world on August 5, 1911, while his mother, an English-born resident of southern Africa, was visiting her early homeland. His father also was a native of England, migrated to Africa at age 17 and was, in fact, the only railroader in the Plomer family tree, having worked a while for the Railway Clearing House in Pretoria. As for the third continent, the family moved to the New World when Jim was 15½ and he has lived in Canada ever since.

"During my African childhood," he recalls, "we often visited England. One visit involved my going to school there for two and a half years. Hanging around stations and engine terminals at Durban, Natal, gave me a yen for railways. As a boy I read just about every railroad book I could lay hands on and developed a special interest in American-built locomotives, one class of which South Africa is still operating. I read a few books on U.S. railroads from the Johannesburg public library and rode many engine cabs."

Jim was an English schoolboy of 12 when he shot his first railroad photos, focusing a box camera (obtained as an athletic prize at school) on the London & North Eastern. But he did not take railroad photography seriously until he was twice that age.

In Canada he acquired a friend named C. Warren Anderson, a Canadian National engineer who helped him with picture-taking. They first met through H.W. ("Jack") Pontin, a Boston & Albany engineer who ran the Rail Photo Service and the Railroad Photographic Club as a side line and became one of our *Interesting Railfans.*

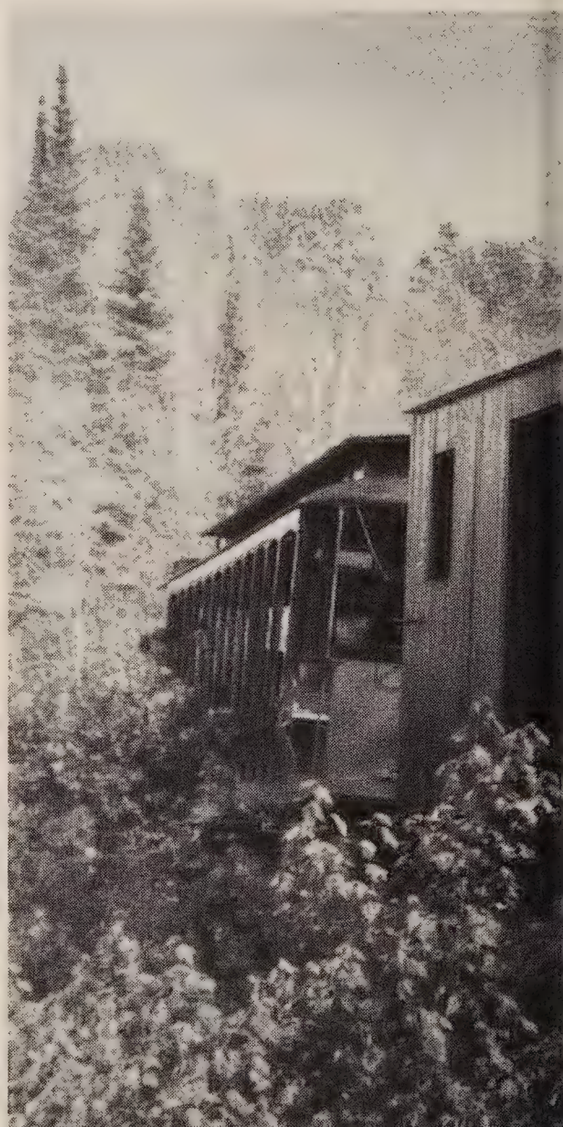
"Warren and I would go on camera jaunts together," Jim tells us, "around Saint John, New Brunswick. "Most of my black-and-white negatives made on those trips were stills—I seldom took action pictures in those days—listed in Pontin's large catalog. Eventually I sold the bulk of my negatives to Pontin."

The first photo Jim ever had published appeared in 1938 in Blount-Richardson's *Along the Iron Trail,* the earliest railfan book we know of. Incidentally, one of its authors, F. Nelson Blount, whom we first met as a kid in short pants, later became a millionaire, founded Steamtown USA, and was electrocuted a few years ago when his private airplane ran into an electric installation near his home.

ANDERSON WRITES: "Jim and I have known each other since 1936. Having similar interests in rail photography, we became pals. We'd meet at night in a CN roundhouse where I used to work. Crew members would place their locos to the best advantage for photography.

"Jim held a commission rank in the Canadian Naval Volunteers Reserve while I was a commander of militia. In September, 1939, shortly before World War II broke out, our ways parted. He went into the permanent Navy and I into the regular Army. The Army discharged me in 1947, but my buddy remained in the Navy until 1951.

"After service in Korean waters as captain of the *Cayuga,* Jim was appointed commander of the HMC *Cornwallis* at East Coast Naval Training Centre in Nova Scotia. While on duty there, he



made an inspection trip to Fredericton, where he visited my wife and me, thus renewing our friendship. Due to lack of space in our small apartment, I kept my engine-picture collection in the woodshed behind our kitchen. Jim came to see us in full-dress uniform, part of which he laid off in our front room, and we both went back to the shed to see my collection."

It was Warren who induced Jim Plomer to join the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, of which he is now on the Board of Directors. Says Warren: "Everyone has a life-style best suited to his or her temperament. Only those who find and accept it can feel comfortable within themselves. Such a man is James Plomer."

When color photography became the vogue, Jim followed the other fans into that field and has since made about 7,000 such prints, especially Canadian National and Canadian Pacific, mostly steam, some diesel, and a number of equipment shots.

Getting back to his early boyhood in Africa: "During the revolution in Johannesburg in 1912," he writes, "I was then 11 years old. One day I came home from school in England. The train was full of policemen, who told us all to lie down on the floor of the coaches, which we did. Two men who ignored that warning were shot in the head. The train behind us was derailed. We heard of threats to blow up the underpass, but it didn't happen.

"Suddenly the train ground to a halt. A huge boulder blocked the line. The police got out, expecting an ambush, but there was none. It took an enormous number of people to move that giant rock off the track. Finally, we made it safely to Johannesburg station, to the surprise of everyone there. It was exciting and dramatic."

Our *Interesting Railfan's* formal education ceased at age 14, when he went to work in a store owned by his father in Zululand. That was his first paid job: $45 a month for a 60-hour week. But Jim thrives on hard work. He supplemented his education by prolific reading and had no difficulty in passing exams for a job in the Bank of Montreal, although he'd rather have gone into civil engineering. His naval career came later.

HE BEGAN reading *Railroad* Magazine in September, 1937, when it published its first Canadian National locomotive roster. Since then, he tells us, he has rarely missed an issue except while overseas in war service. During that time, among other events, he invented three relatively minor weapons for the British Admiralty.

Jim was married twice. The first union was not happy, but it produced a beloved daughter named Diedre. In 1945 he met his present wife, the English-born Frances Randall at Halifax, Nova Scotia,

Saddle-tank engine on defunct Huntsville & Lake of Bays line near Huntsville, Ont., years ago.

when both of them were about to sail on a Dutch transport a week before V-E Day. She had been instructing Canadian Navy men in the use of rocket-propelled targets for anti-aircraft betteries.

"Frances is fair-haired, rather tall and plump, with dreamy blue eyes and a marvelous disposition," Jim tells us. "She looks about half her age. I wish I could say the same for myself. We have a married daughter, Billie, aged 27, and a son, Jim, 25. My wife's mother, 89, lives with us. Also two ginger cats and a mongrel bitch, mostly spaniel, 13 years old. We have a nice garden frequented by blackbirds."

The Plomers live at *The Birches,* R.R. 2, Milford, Ontario, Canada KOK 2 PO. Their 12 acres of land, mostly woods, give Jim all the exercise he needs, and a bit more besides.

"Thanks to Frances, who is diet-conscious and has read much on the subject," he says, "our family gets good nourishment." He eats fast and hates to sit at a table after a meal, except on special occasions. His experience in running a ship taught him to make quick decisions. "Decisions could be *too* hasty," he soliloquizes. "One has to watch himself."

Jim cuts an impressive figure, tall and erect, white hair, keen blue eyes, and a friendly mien. His 190-pound weight matches his height of six feet, three.

"He looks like a senior statesman," according to Major E.A. Shortt, of the Prince Edward County Board of Education, of which Jim was a member for about ten years. "Tall, prominent nose, longish white hair, and a 'presence,' he is noticed at any gathering. He has the happy ability to deal with almost any situation with unruffled ease."

He's like a duck—calm on the surface but paddling like the devil underneath.

MAJOR SHORTT, continues: "On first appearance, he might seem austere, but this is misleading. There's a ready twinkle in his eyes. Jim has a great sense of humor, a vast store of knowledge, contacts in high places, and a bright, active intelligence. But his handwriting is atrocious and he may omit words or entire phrases."

This we discovered while writing our personality sketch of him.

"On one occasion," recalls Major Shortt, when Jim was on the school board, the members sat waiting patiently while he composed a motion disapproving of the actions of a high Government official. Suddenly he raised his head and asked, 'Do you hyphenate *son of a bitch*?"

According to John H. White, Jr., curator of transportation at the Smithsonian Institution, editor of the R&LHS *Railroad History*, author, and *Interesting Railfan,* Commander Plomer is as distinguished in demeanor and manner as he is in appearance.

"He has a certain Old World elegance," John writes, "I don't know quite how to put it—and a genuine sense of humor. That doesn't mean a foolish good humor but, instead, the quality of one who is amused or slightly bemused by what goes on about him. He also has a clear analytical mind. I have always been impressed by Jim's opinions, particularly his astute observations on the motives and real purposes of our mutual acquaintances. In short, a first-rate man whose projected biography of Sir Henry W. Thornton promises to be a major work."

This refers to a book Jim is writing about the man who put together the Canadian National Railways. When completed, his two-volume work will be comprehensive. Jim was helped a lot in this long-term project by another of our *Interesting Railfans,* John W. Barriger, himself a great railroad executive and a close friend to Sir Henry.

Also, as a short-term project and change of pace, Jim is coauthoring with Alan R. Capon, publisher of *The Pictou Gazette*, a history of the Prince Edward County Railway (now part of Canadian National).

Says Alan: "Jim believes that the story of a small railway is the story of a community and, if not recorded, is likely to be lost and forgotten. His retreat, a small building adjacent to his home, is filled with books and railways and the sea, plus other historical subjects. It also houses the 0 gage model railroad he is now rebuilding. Jim has a friendly approach for everyone and a distinctive laugh, accompanied by an impish expression when he is amused."

HE BEGAN writing railway articles with one on the Dominion Atlantic for *The Railroad Enthusiast* (Sept. '57) and has done pieces for the R&LHS *Bulletin* (now called *Railroad History*), the Canadian Railroad Historical association, *Trains,* and newspapers, book reviews, etc. Here's an excerpt from something he wrote for *The Pictou Gazette*:

"The U.S. let their passenger trains reach a point close to oblivion and have had at great cost and many difficulties, within poorly maintained equipment in all shapes and sizes, salvaged their passenger services under the Government, run Amtrak, the CN having shrewdly purchased much of their best passenger cars during the declining years of their passenger service."

Jim's older brother, William, is a distinguished English novelist, poet, and short-story writer but not a railfan.

Our hero's wife had an interesting wartime career of her own. On one occasion in her duties for the British Admiralty, Frances was carrying a package of unusually high explosives urgently needed in London and had to drive across the city in the midst of a heavy German air raid! Although she was understandably nervous on this assignment, it did not deter her from making the trip. And when she left the service to get married, the Admiralty described her as "most capable, hard-working, and entirely reliable, displaying tact and initiative above average."

"My husband is a complex per-

WW2 scene in Canadian National yards along the Prince Rupert waterfront showing Pacific war supplies.
Canadian National Railways

son," Frances informs us, "so you may have difficulty in getting a clear picture of him. When we first met, I was working in the Admiralty department of Miscellaneous Weapons Development. I had been on loan to the Canadian Navy for six months demonstrating rocket-propelled gliders for target practice for merchant seamen.

"My earliest impressions of James were his stature and humor. In fact, the last-named is what I missed most when Naval duty or business trips separated us. After a short courtship and a July marriage in a London church, we honeymooned at a village on the Thames. My husband is always interesting, has much to talk about, is handsome and is worldly, being 12 years older than me. He is a good companion. Affectionate, sensitive, gentle, and kind to animals, especially cats. One time he sat in an uncomfortable position on the floor for several hours beside a dying cat.

"James prefers to work at night. He is lazy only with regard to things that don't interest him. He is very determined, really, going to great length to achieve his aims. He reads a lot and has an excellent memory. As for diet, I have persuaded him to eat whole wheat bread instead of white, brown sugar instead of white, and unpasteurized milk."

GOOD FOR YOU, Frances! "I'm an organic gardner," she goes on. "We grow fruits and vegetables for our table. I am also an environmentalist, have too little leisure time, and enjoy creativity, but I try many things instead of developing any one talent. James encourages me in whatever I want to do, and I do the same for him. Many of our tastes are similar, particularly books and music. Both of us are inclined to be introspective. Womanlike, I am more impulsive than he is. James is an extrovert, enjoys meeting and talking with people. I'm just the opposite—rather shy with strangers.

"After he had put in his resignation from the Navy in protest against its decaying state, the Government offered him a promotion to Admiral if he'd withdraw his resignation; but James refused because he could not see his way clear to achieve sufficient improvements in the service with the means at hand."

Marion Erdman, a Milford neighbor, tells us: "Jim is highly critical of some things our Federal Government is doing. He is also a good speaker, with the

courage to say what he really thinks. After suggesting ways whereby the Navy could save money and not waste so much—advice which was rejected—he left that service."

Since forming the South Marysburgh Marine Society about ten years ago, we learn from marine historian Willis Metcalfe of Milford, the commander has become a valued member of it. Through his leadership and enthusiasm the society continues to flourish, for he is fascinated by ships as well as trains. One time he helped to tear up a railway line at Kapuskasing, Ont., that hadn't been used for many years."

Jim explains: "The man who held the dismantling contract is an old friend of mine and asked if I'd help him, which I did. Doing that job taught me things about railways I hadn't known before."

Omar Lavallee of Montreal, CP Rail supervisor of special projects and corporate activities and one of our *Interesting Railfans*, writes: "One day after the war he met, quite by chance, a German naval officer. By comparing notes in an amiable way, they determined that the latter had once commanded a U-boat which was chased by a destroyer escort commanded by Jim Plomer—a rare coincidence—but my memory of the details is faulty.

"Where railway interests are concerned, Jim and I are internationalists. Our travels have taken us all over the world. Despite his physical stature (which, combined with a Naval officer's uniform, must have intimidated many a mediocre subaltern), Jim is very much down-to-earth. He is also affable, painstaking in research, knowledgable, and discreet, and he has a host of friends."

A RETIRED CPR official, Lt. Herbert Ludovici, recalls a rather remarkable event in World War II: "Jim as a ship's commander was leaving an English post and somehow his navigator missed a wreck buoy. But Jim took his ship over the wreck, which was below the surface of water, with just a few inches of clearance. If he had hit the obstruction it would have meant a court of enquiry and possibly the end of his Naval career.

"Over the years he often visited the Cote St. Luc yard where I was chief engineer. One morning we had a Royal Hudson (4-6-4), class H-1, steamed up especially for him to drive on the shop tracks. He handled her like a Casey Jones, backed up, and then coupled onto other locomotives. Jim said he thought he had coupled up at over five mph, but he did it very well.

"I don't know of many people with his integrity and honesty of purpose. While in the Canadian Navy he was one of our most decorated officers, responsible for the sinking of two German U-boats in the Atlantic. His decorations are the O.B.E, D.S.C, and C.D., besides service medals."

Another honor accorded him was being made technical advisor for the movie "Great Impostor," which starred Tony Curtis, for which he spent a month in Hollywood. He was given that assignment because of his maritime background. He owns an outboard motor but, although he dwells beside a river, he rarely uses it and never goes fishing. He is interested in baseball as a spectator sport, likes hi-fi and cribbage, a great shipboard game.

Jim's personal collection of railroadiana, aside from photos, include items such as lanterns and a builder's plate (honestly come by) of the 6060, his favorite class of Canadian National locos. (His other favorites are CP Hudsons with the double-flanged stack, not the streamlined version.) Among his odds and ends is a treasured pass signed by New York Central president Chauncey Depew—a much appreciated gift from Howard Green, president of the R&LHS. His library includes over 1,100 railroad books. These deal largely with steam locomotives, equipment, corporate histories, union-management problems, and so on, all of which Jim Plomer says he finds fascinating. ●

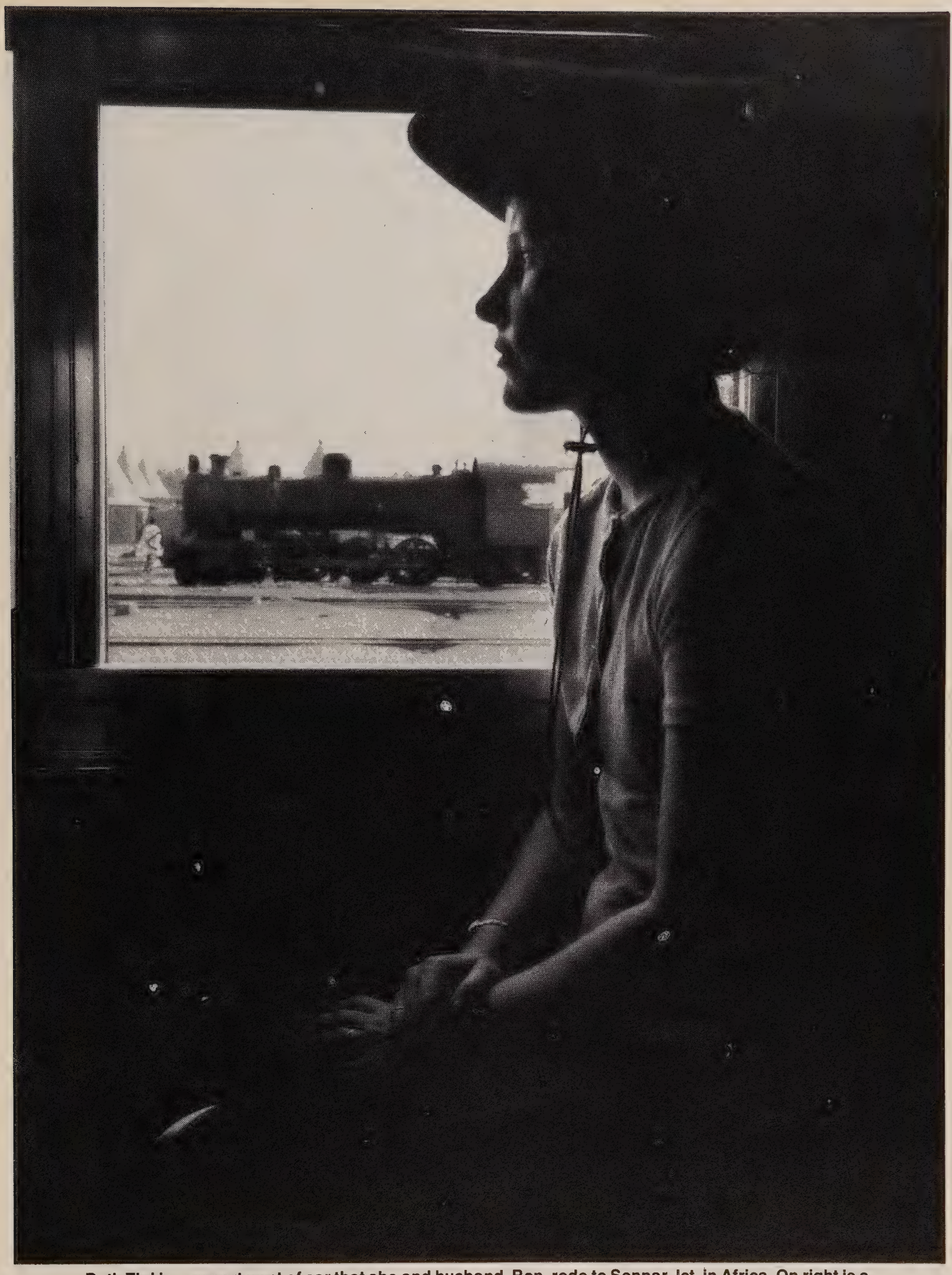
Fast moving Canadian Pacific livestock special hauled by 4-6-2 No. 1228 on mainline west of Montreal, in early 1950's. CN track is at right.

Canadian Pacific

PHOTOGRAPHS of the MONTH

It was quite a day for the *S.S. Belkarin* at Erie Railroad's Pier 1, Hudson River, as she received the largest shipment yet, at the time in the 1950's, of Alco diesels, 20 in all, for India.

Rhodesia Railways 15th class 4-6-4 + 4-6-4 Garratt 399 (Beyer-Peacock, 1950) climbing Baobab Hill, Wankie, Rhodesia, Feb. 6, '76.
Photograph by Elizabeth Ziel



Beth Ziel in compartment of car that she and husband, Ron, rode to Sennar Jct. in Africa. On right is a Pacific No. 241. Interesting circular houses belong to railroad workers who work for line at Was Medani, Sudan. It might have been January 18, 1976, but it was warm that day.

Ron Ziel, Box 433, Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, N.Y. 11932

Ex-Magma Arizona Mogul No. 6 after move to McCormack R.R. Park, Scottsdale, Ariz., Dec. 28, '77.

Russell C. Joslin, 8431 E. Edgemont Ave., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85257

New York Central Archives

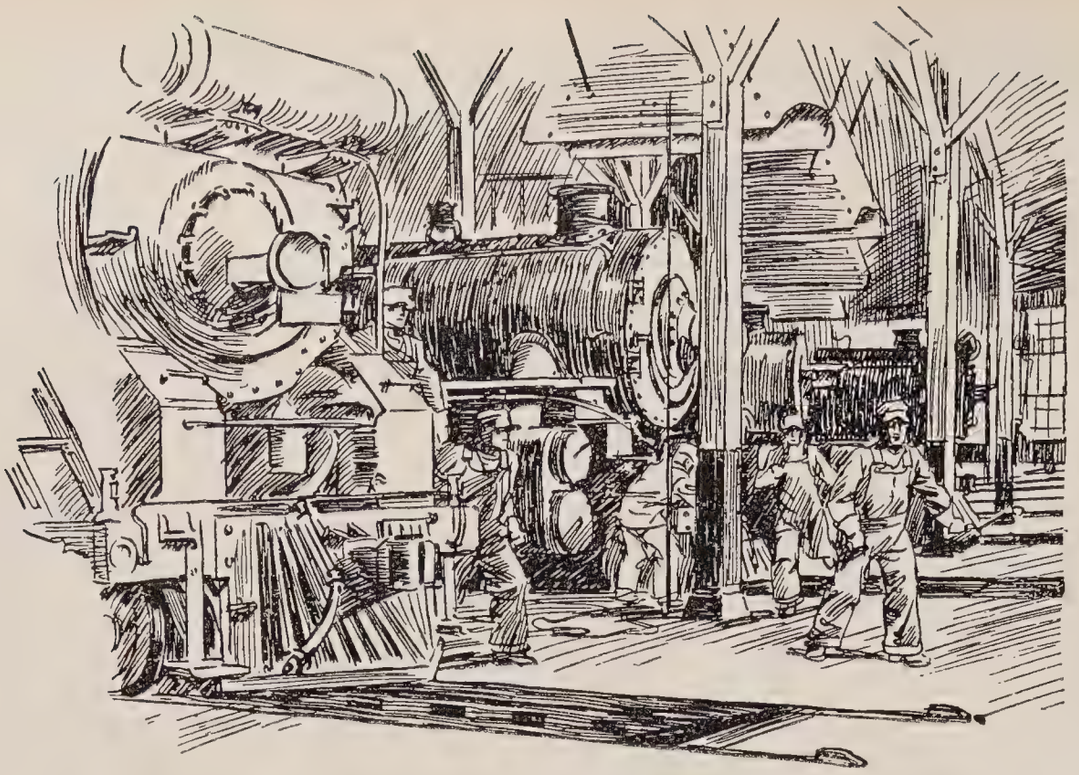
No hash-house lunch ever tasted quite so good as eating in the old caboose. Here, two New York Central Brakemen wash and dry the dishes while conductor looks on with complacent glance.

Judy Booth of New Orleans, a volunteer crew member on the 4449 Daylight, inspects Southern Railway's newest steam acquisition, ex-T&P 610, at Chattanooga, Tenn., last July 10th prior to fan trip.

Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515

C&O, the Nation's Largest Coal Carrier

Chessie yard at Newport News, Va., in days before coal strike. Cars roll by gravity past scale-house and through coal-thawing plants on way to rotary dumpers.



ENGINE FAILURE

by Don Waters

Boomer Fireman and Railroad Machinist

BILL STEVENS, a capable young machinist, had been on the wheel job in the roundhouse for a couple of weeks now. No easy task, working in the heat and the smoke, expanding old tires, shrinking on new ones, but he wasn't kicking about it. He wouldn't be doing it forever.

His helpers had just hooked their long-handled carrying bars over a tire and were lifting it off the fire when a messenger boy came up to Bill, touched him on the arm, and said:

"The Old Man wants you.

"The Old Man?" Bill retorted. "What in hell's the matter?"

The boy shook his shaggy red head. "I don't know. He wants you at once."

"Can't do it," Bill said cheerfully. "I got a set of tires hot. Can't leave them now."

He turned away from the messenger. But the kid persisted: "He says it's important."

"Important, eh? Well, you hunt up the shop foreman, tell him to send some one here at once to finish this job, and then I'll go."

The boy hurried off. In a few minutes he returned with another machinist. Bill turned the job over to him and went up to the master mechanic's office at the end of the back shop. As he walked along the brick path, he passed a long, gaunt locomotive boiler, stripped of all its accessories, hanging from the steel cables of the overhead crane that was gradually easing it down on to a frame.

"I wonder what Rogers wants," mused Bill as he passed.

Off to one side, a seven-foot pair of drivers slowly revolved in a wheel lathe with a chattering, complaining rumble of gears. Long blue curls of steel wormed off of the tires as the tools bit into the tough treads. Right beyond it, a crackling, sputtering cauldron of fire threw glowing sparks in all directions. Workers were putting a thermit weld on a broken flame. With a roar and clatter a boilermaker fixed up the flues inside a firebox.

He climbed up the stairs to the second floor, hesitated an instant before the master mechanic's office, and went in.

OLD MAN ROGERS turned in his swivel chair and faced the young man. One glance at him reassured Bill: he wasn't in for a bawling out. The master mechanic arose, and unmindful of Bill's greasy paw, shook hands and motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down, Stevens."

Bill leaned back, wondering what was coming. With the self-confidence of a man who has done his work to the best of his ability, he waited for the brass collar's next words.

"Bill, you've learned your trade here. You were a good boy. I watched you, and outside of the regular hell-raising and an occa-

sional fist fight, I have no complaint. Out of the half a thousand men working there in the back shops, I've picked you for a confidential job."

Bill was almost alarmed. The master mechanic drew his chair closer.

"Now, here's the idea. You know the roundhouse at Sandy Bottom?"

"Sure I do."

"Well, things are not going right there. I want you to go up and take charge. Straighten the place out, discover what's wrong and report what you find to me. It's been run on a sloppy basis long enough. We've had more engine failures and delays there than necessary. You're on trial. If you make good you get the job permanently."

He opened a drawer in his desk, pulled out a time sheet.

"Let's see," he went on. "Number 47 leaves here at six tomorrow morning. She's due at Sandy Bottom at 1:15 p.m. Keep all this to yourself. As soon as 47 gets in, you go right over to the roundhouse and take the job over. I'll give you this much of a tip. The peach crop starts moving in a couple of months. We want no holdups on it. You'd better knock off now, run on home, and get your stuff together."

Rogers stood up and again shook Bill's hand.

Stevens thanked him. Scarcely believing his good fortune, he went down the stairs and through the back shop. He certainly got a lucky break. Men here with years of service were waiting for a chance at a shop foreman's job. And Rogers had picked him from all the gang!

Bill started to go up and tell the back shop foreman what had happened, but recalled that the master mechanic told him to keep it to himself.

WHEN the noon whistle blew, Bill Stevens washed up and went home. Before leaving, he told one of his helpers that he wouldn't be back that afternoon. If the master mechanic wanted to inform the foreman of his whereabouts, that was up to him.

Next morning when 47 pulled out, Stevens was on it. The master mechanic had not shown up. That was Old Man Rogers' way. All he wanted was results.

The train left the city, wound through the cuts, across the trestles of the foothills, began its long slow drag up into the mountains. Bill enjoyed the ride. The noise and clatter of the back shops was left behind him, the hot acrid tang of soft coal smoke, the clang and bustle of moving machinery. Everything was quiet. Even the noise of their journey seemed a small sound.

The train stopped at Sandy Bottom. Bill got off, checked his suitcase in the depot, started across the yards to the roundhouse. Halfway there he met an engineer he knew.

"Heyho, Jim West!" he called.

"Why, hello, Bill. Glad to see you. What brings you up here?"

Bill hesitated. No use now in keeping his plans secret; they'd soon be common news, anyhow. He told the hogger he would take charge of the roundhouse.

Jim West whistled. "Oh, I figured something would pop soon. You see, this delegate, Consalvo, who is foreman there, is a relative—a thirty-second cousin or something of the sort—of the division superintendent. Well, of course the super backed him up. He could get away with murder, and he acted as if the job belonged to him."

"Consalvo?" Bill asked.

"Yes. He did fine as long as the Transportation department backed him. But just a few days ago, hell popped. The general superintendent, one of the vice presidents, and a few lesser brass bonnets, drifted up to Sandy Bottom. They came, they saw, and got real peeved. Consequence was that the division super, Brown by name, has his head lopped off. Consalvo's got no post to lean against now, and he's falling too."

Bill nodded. "So that's the lineup! Well, I guess I'll not get any too warm a reception today."

"Just watch your step, kid. This guy is dirty. He packs a gun.

Jim glanced at his watch. "I got to go. I'm called fer two o'clock." As he left, the hogger added: "If you need help or advice, call on me."

BILL THANKED him and continued across the tracks. As he neared the roundhouse, he saw little modern equipment here. The coal chute was just a raised trestle; the cars were run up an incline on it. A couple of engines were being coaled by a score of blacks who shoveled it out of the gondolas into the tanks below.

In the front of the roundhouse was the turntable—two long poles sticking up from an angle at either end; it was pushed around by hand! On the ash pits Bill saw the fire-knockers cleaning an engine.

He opened the roundhouse office door and walked in. A man was seated at the desk. He was black-haired, black-eyed, and had a swarthy complexion. He was a handsome sort and had a crafty gleam in his eyes as he glanced up.

Without speaking, Bill knew that the guy was fully acquainted with him and his mission. On the desk lay a telegram. He must have just received it. There was no use delaying matters. Bill stepped forward and held out his hand.

"You're Mr. Consalvo, aren't you? I'm Bill Stevens. Did you get any word from the master mechanic about me?"

Consalvo nodded. "Say, you tryin' to kid me? You know damn well how things stand. Well, now let me tell you somethin'."

Just then a machinist came in to see about some work. Consalvo went into the roundhouse and Bill followed. When the matter was taken care of, Bill resumed the conversation.

"Yeh, and let me tell you something, Consalvo. I came down here on orders. I've nothing against you, and you have no reason to hold anything against me."

"Yeh?" Consalvo shouted angrily. "A hot chance Rogers gave me, didn't he? I get a telegram demandin' my resignation. I hardly open it when the door opens and in comes my successor. What chance did I get—"

Bill interrupted him: "What chance did you want? What good would a day, a week, or a month's notice have done you?"

Consalvo grunted. "Yeh, so you'll take this job, will you? Well, when I get through with you—"

His fist flew out in a hard swing at his successor's head. Amazed, a couple of machinists and a firebuilder watched them.

Bill kicked a stool over behind him. "Oh, all right," he challenged. "If this is what you want, come on."

With a quick shift and a hitch, right and left, he drove at Consalvo, who staggered back and sprawled on the floor.

The ex-foreman picked up his hat and limped to the office door. "I'll get you yet, damn you!"

Not till then was Bill conscious that he had an audience—one which he realized, with a swift, comprehensive glance, was not at all friendly.

IT WAS 4:30 in the afternoon. Bill Stevens sat in the roundhouse office, going over the correspondence of the last month, trying to figure where he stood. He was beginning to see why Consalvo had attacked him so savagely. It wasn't a pure fit of anger. There was more behind it than that.

Old Man Rogers had given him no notice, and Rogers did not do things like that without cause. Consalvo was more concerned about having to leave the job so suddenly than he was about actually leaving it.

Bill glanced through the window. A freight was just pulling past. A man came down from the gangway between the cab and tender, a tin toolbox in his hand. He flipped off the train, started walking toward the roundhouse.

As he came closer Bill recognized him. It was "Red" Howard, a machinist he'd met many a year ago.

He got up, went to the door of the roundhouse, and called: "Hey, Red? What're you doing here?"

Red almost dropped the toolbox in surprise. "Well, you old bum, Bill! And what're *you* doing here?"

"Who, me? I'm the chief gaffer here now. I just came on this afternoon."

Red walked up to the roundhouse office, came in, and closed the door.

"I heard all about your scrap with Consalvo. Well, I'm glad to see you again. I've been out on a road trip, fixin' up a brake valve that was jammed."

"I wonder why he fought that way?" Bill asked. "It seems strange that this guy would start hostilities on such a small excuse. Hell, Red, what's the job, anyway?"

Red scratched his chin. "Well, a job means different things to different guys. Some fellows are workin' to eat. Some are tryin' to get a stake an' move on like I was. An' others, well, this is a funny place."

Bill listened as Red went on:

"Take this job I just was out on. Now, I went over her well yesterday, tried the air out, tested her for piston travel, oiled the pumps, checked the governors, put on a set of new brake shoes, and this mornin', the air was bad order.

"You know what I found? I found a wad o' waste jammed into the brake valve. I know it didn't get there by itself. I know the pump never sucked it in. There's been lots o' other things like that happen around here. I figger Con knew his name was mud. He is a sorehead, an' was goin' to jam the job so the next man would have a lot o' grief. Then his own record wouldn't look so bad by comparison. Say, you fixed for a place to flop yet?"

Bill shook his head.

"Well, I'll tell you," Red urged. "You come on over to the beanery I'm stayin' at. It's pretty good. It's the yellow house to the left across the street from the depot. You through soon?"

"No," Bill considered. "I'll stick around here till the night shift comes on. I want to look the proposition over, and see how it lines up."

LATER ON, he left the office. He was again impressed with the general sloppiness he saw. Between the stalls were big piles of worn-out rod brasses, brakeshoes, twisted pipes. In another place a piston had been packed, and the broken pieces of rings were scattered over the floor.

A thick pall of smoke hung within ten feet from the floor. Bill came up to a blower which was working in the stack of a 4-8-2. Gas and fumes were sweeping up from it with a roar. He saw a smoke jack hanging over the stack, but it had not been pulled down, and the smoke shot out into the roundhouse.

Bill hunted around and asked a laborer for the firelighter. He found him at the other end of the roundhouse, asleep in an engine cab. Bill woke him up sharply and told him to get on the job. He also told the man to report to him for an informal investigation, and threatened to fire him if his record was at all spotty.

Then the new foreman studied the callboard, saw what runs were chalked up, found the engines one after the other, made sure they were ready to go. Darkness was falling when he again came back into the roundhouse office and sat down to his desk.

Sandy Bottom terminal was a mess. There had been little order, no system to the management of it. Small wonder that engine failures and road delays were commonplace out of this division

point. If a man were deliberately trying to mismanage things he couldn't have gone about it more effectively. Bill couldn't clean it up alone. Unless the gang worked with him, he knew it would be an impossible job.

Idly he picked up a sheaf of work reports. Each engineer, as he came in from a run, carefully listed everything wrong on his engine and dropped that work report in a box in the washroom. According to the rules of the Mechanical department, every job reported must be O.K.'d by the shop foreman before that locomotive again went out on a run.

BILL THUMBED the work reports. Recurring again and again was one engine, No. 846. He glanced over one of the sheets, saw a long list of small jobs. Then he looked sharply. Here was something different: "Pops sticking, do not open at 250."

He turned the work reports over, sorted out those for the 846. It was a chain-gang engine, first in, first out, not on any regular run, and seldom out twice in succession with the same engineer. What he saw caused him to whistle incredulously. For ten days past now, the 846 had come into the shop, the reports had been dropped in the box, and she had gone out without having one bit of work done on her! It was almost unbelievable.

Consalvo must have felt safe enough in doing this. The 846 was an extra locomotive. He couldn't have pulled anything as raw as that on a hogger who had a regular engine and a steady day after day run. But suppose a Government boiler inspector or a safety appliance man had come in unexpectedly? There would have been hell to pay.

There was something vaguely familiar about her number, too. But he couldn't quite place her. Then he remembered. The 846 was that engine he had just seen out in the roundhouse with a hot fire in her. The day gang had gone home. The night gang were not yet down.

She was well steamed up when he saw her over an hour ago. The pressure probably had been slowly mounting all the time that had passed. In his mind's eye he saw that needle easing up around the white figures on the black card.

Setting a heavy piece of iron on the reports for a paper weight, he leaped from his chair, started for the door. His hand was on the knob when suddenly the building shook, trembled violently! The windows on all sides caved in with a sharp tinkle of broken glass.

The shop office seemed to lift from the ground as a roar reverberated; the air was filled with splintering timbers, ruptured metal, and flying débris!

Half stunned, Bill rose from the floor where he had fallen. He guessed what had happened. *The boiler on the 846 had exploded!*

THE WEST END of the roundhouse was in ruins—the roof was a gaping hole—a twenty-foot section of the brick walls was blown outward and scattered in a radius of two hundred yards. Just one thing had kept the entire roundhouse from being completely wrecked: The 846 had stood between two dead engines. They had taken a great deal of the shock of the explosion, and were badly damaged.

One, a passenger engine had been thrown off the rails. She was a total wreck. A yard engine that stood on the other side of the 846 had escaped with less damage. But with a quick glance, Bill saw she too would require a lot of work. The running boards, the branch pipe, the pumps, even the headlight case and machine were stripped off her. A main rod was snatched clear off the pin, bent in a half circle.

And the 846 was scarcely recognizable. That terrific shock had jumped her boiler entirely off the frame. Her front end showed but a jagged, gaping hole, the flues protruding. The boiler itself lay overturned, firebox grate end up, leaning across the tank of the switch engine.

Bill Stevens was thankful that it was the period between shifts. Otherwise, he knew, more than one man would have been killed. The fire had been burning briskly in the 846 when she let loose. Those hot chunks of coal had shot out volcano like, a menace to the whole shops.

He had scarcely reached her when a cry went up. "Fire! Fire!"

Bill went out, saw the roof of the storehouse blazing briskly. He ran over to an engine on the cinder pit, grabbed the whistle cord. He motioned to a cinder-pit man to come over and to hold the whistle cord down. Then he organized a yard crew who had just got there into a bucket brigade.

As soon as they started, another fire started on the sandhouse roof. Red came running up just then, and Bill started him on the new conflagration. Soon there were plenty of helpers, gathered by the sound of the explosion and the glare of the fires.

SOMEONE yelled, pointing across the yards to a boxcar burning furiously. A gang of men ran toward it. Inside a half-hour a dozen blazes were discovered and extinguished.

But the storeroom, tinder dry, was neglected, and the flames got into the paint and turpentine. A barrel inside burst with a dull boom. The flames spread rapidly. By the time the volunteer fire department had arrived, the storeroom was but four walls confining a roaring conflagration.

Even after they had laid a hose line they could do little but keep the flames from catching to nearby buildings. Finally the storeroom walls collapsed, and the hiss of cold water on hot embers died down.

For the first time since the explosion, Bill had a chance to get his breath. He glanced at his watch. It was after twelve o'clock.

Then a group of men approached. He had met none of the brass collars up to this time, but now he met them all. The division superintendent and the trainmaster introduced themselves. The yardmaster and the chief dispatcher shook hands with him.

He excused himself for not coming up to see them, but explained that he had got on the job after dinner, and intended to make his official calls in the morning.

Every man there had his own conjectures as to what had happened, and why. Bill kept his own counsel, however. As soon as the steaming ruins had cooled off enough for him to go among them, he looked for one thing among that ruptured pile of metal. He wanted the safety valves, the pops, get them where he could examine and test them. But they were nowhere near the accident!

It was almost dawn before he went back to the roundhouse office, got a broom and started to sweep the glass off of the floor. He stopped, gazed at his desk where he had left the work reports. They were gone!

Bill remembered distinctly laying a heavy piece of metal on them. The weight was still there, but the work reports were gone. A queer, uncanny feeling came over the new foreman. He felt as if someone were watching, spying on him.

"I'm getting as nervous as an old maid," he muttered.

He glanced through the gaping sash where the glass had been blown out of the window. An engine stood under the coal chute. She had just come off of the ash pits. Her dynamo was whirring, her cab lights burning.

IN THE DIM light beside her tank Bill fancied he saw a man crouched over, looking toward the roundhouse office.

"What of it?" he muttered to himself. "I must be getting the heebee-geebees."

Yet his own words failed to satisfy him. That passing glimpse, he felt sure, was no shadow.

He left the roundhouse in charge of the night foreman, and went across the tracks and the street to the boarding house that Red had mentioned. A sleepy clerk in the office nodded when he gave his name.

"Yeh, Red said you'd be along." The clerk handed him a key. "Room twenty-four, second floor."

Bill went upstairs. As he fell asleep he reflected that this was probably just the beginning of his troubles.

On the following afternoon Bill walked over to the roundhouse. When he strode into the office he wasn't surprised to see Master Mechanic Rogers there.

"How'd it happen, Bill?" was the first question.

"I don't know exactly what caused the 846 to let go," Bill replied. "All I know is that it went off like the crack of doom between the time when the day shift went home and the night shift got down."

"The 846, you say?"

"Yep."

"That's strange," Rogers mused. "Why, that engine's only been out of the back shops a few weeks. I distinctly remember the work we did on her. She had a new crown-sheet installed, a whole set of flues. Her boiler was in good shape. What's the work reports say on her?"

"Well," Bill answered. "I just happened to be looking them over before this thing happened. Her pops were reported sticking."

The master mechanic's eyes widened. "Let's see that report."

Bill shook his head. "Mr. Rogers, I'm sorry, but those reports are all gone." Doubtfully he went on, "It might be that the blast that broke the windows carried them out."

"That's possible. We'll find them." He pointed towards the extra force who were loading a car with débris.

Bill thought of telling his suspicions. Then he reflected that they would sound silly. He had no proof whatever. Rogers was not interested in theories. He wanted facts.

A DOZEN MEN searched up and down the yards, crawled under boxcars, hunted through the weeds in the field across from the roundhouse all that afternoon. But at quitting time they had found not one sign of the missing work reports.

The master mechanic left in the middle of the afternoon. There had been an investigation in the superintendent's office which came to nothing. The callboys tried to find Consalvo to get his testimony on the condition of the 846. He had not been at his boarding house since the night before. His suitcase and trunk were gone. He had left word that he was moving, but nobody knew where.

Bill had plenty on his mind that day. Train after train was called. He noticed that his assistant foreman seemed unfriendly. When called on for information, he answered curtly. He asked Red about it the first time he got the chance to see him.

"This guy here is pretty hostile. What you figure is the reason?"

Red winked. "That's not hard to guess, Bill. He an' Consalvo were pals. You know, Consalvo has been on this job for about six months. He made the other assistant's life so hard that the fellow quit. Then Consalvo gets this guy from where, I don't know."

Bill listened as Red talked.

"Old man Emmens, the storeroom keeper, was tellin' me how most o' the gang here, that is the day shift, came on in the last six months. I think the whole bunch of 'em are Consalvo's buddies. You know, Bill, he came from down in the Southwest, some place off of one of those lines near the border. An' the gang he's got in there now all seems to be the same kind."

"Maybe you're right," Bill agreed. "Well, as long as they hit the ball and rush the stuff out on

time, I'll get along with 'em. I don't want 'em to hug my neck."

Just before 4:30 the dispatcher called up. "How about an engine for 72, for 5:45?"

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll find out how things line up and call you in a couple of minutes."

He went out into the roundhouse. The assistant foreman was standing at his little desk checking on the work reports.

"We got a call for 5:45 on 72," Bill told him.

"Can't make it," was the reply. "Nothin' here but the 812, an' she needs a set o' piston packin'." He shoved the work report over. "Her main rod brasses need fittin'. She's just had a boiler wash, and is dead. You'll have to tell 'em to change that call to about six-thirty or seven. The 874 'ull be in and we can turn her 'round, an' run her out again."

"Where's the 874 now?" Bill asked.

"How do I know?" The assistant shrugged. "She generally gets in about five or six o'clock, though."

"But suppose she doesn't get in here today?"

"That's not my hard luck."

The manner in which this was spoken irked Bill. His face flushed.

"Say, it strikes me," he said as calmly as he could, "that you're not cooperating very much. What's the big idea?"

THE ASSISTANT foreman scowled. "Say, fellow—" he started to say, but was cut short.

"Don't you 'fellow' me," Bill interrupted. "You know my name." He nodded toward the 812. "Mean to say you can't fit a couple of rod brasses, pack a piston, and get an engine hot in less than two hours with the whole gang you got here?"

"Yeh, I mean just that. It's almost quittin' time. None o' these fellows want to put in any overtime today, nor do I."

The curt assistant foreman slammed the sheaf of slips on the desk. "Say, if you're goin' to come out here and interfere with the shop, you can just take the job—"

"Wait a minute," Bill cautioned. "I'm not starting anything, but it strikes me that you'd be willing to extend yourself a little bit and not harp over a few hours' overtime."

"Yeh?" the assistant sneered. "Well, let me tell you something. I don't think enough of this job to put in any overtime."

"Then why stay on it?"

The assistant foreman thumped the desk with his fist. "I'm not!" he shouted. "I'm through right now. To hell with the job, to hell with you!"

He started away.

"All right," Bill grinned. "To hell with you! And when you greet your friend Consalvo, give him the same greeting from me." That shot went home. The assistant stopped and turned.

"Consalvo? What're you drivin' at? I don't know anything about him."

Bill laughed scornfully. "And tell him when you see him, that if he were as anxious about work reports when he was on the job as he is now, maybe he'd still be here!"

Bill went out, found Red, and the two of them started working on the 812. He hunted up the firelighter, ordered him to build a fire in her. Ten minutes before she was scheduled to leave, a hostler coupled on another engine and hauled her out of the house. She was shoved under the tank spout and her tank filled.

The engineer and fireman who had been impatiently waiting got on her and found a hot fire, two gages of water, and 100 pounds of steam.

BILL SAT down at his desk, and for a few minutes reviewed the events since he first had come to Sandy Bottom. He was sure those work reports had not blown away. He was almost as certain that the mystery of the 846 would be solved. If only he could find one or both of her pops!

He saw Red coming out of the side door of the roundhouse and called him in.

"Red, how about you going on the job? The slip foreman pulled the pin this afternoon. He didn't like the way I parted my hair, I guess. Do you think you can handle it?"

"Sure, Bill," Red replied. "But, believe me, brother, it ain't gonna be no cinch with that gang there. They're all friends of Consalvo, an' I don't think the sight o' me peddlin' out slips is going to sweeten their sour dispositions. Well, it's a go. Come on, let's put on the nose bags."

Bill shook his head. "I can't make it right now. I'll be over after a while. I got some letters to read."

It was dark by the time he left the office and started across the tracks. Passing along the path that led under the trestle of the coaling platform, his hat struck against one of the beams that braced the structure. It was knocked off. Luckily for him, he bent down to recover it. For a big, ragged piece of cast iron whizzed by and landed just in front of him!

As he looked toward the far end of the trestle, Bill caught a glimpse of a man bent over and running toward the shelter of a string of cars.

He started in pursuit, reached the long line of cars. Instead of trying to follow, he climbed up to the top and ran across the decks in time to just catch one good look at the figure, now scurrying for the passageway that led from the yards alongside the depot to the street. He couldn't be sure, and yet he almost would be willing to swear who it was.

SLOWLY Bill went back toward the coal tipple. He stopped in the oil shanty, got a torch, and came to the path under the trestle. An exclamation of surprise, mingled with satisfaction, escaped him. In the flickering light of the torch he saw what lay there in the path. A jagged piece of metal ripped and torn from the steam dome of an engine. Cen-

tered in it were two round cylinders, brass covered—the pops of the 846.

Despite his narrow escape, Bill was grinning as he lifted that chunk of metal and carried it toward the sandhouse. He removed the covers off the pops with a wrench.

It did not take long to see that they were screwed down tight. He wanted to be sure, though. He carried them to the roundhouse and laid them down beside the pump that was used for the cold water test on boilers.

In a few minutes he learned all he wanted to know. He rammed a tremendous hydraulic pressure on those pops. The hand on the pump gage went clear around its circle, jammed against the pin. Save for a little trickle of water on the big pop, neither showed signs of opening. They were jammed down hard on their seats, the springs screwed down till the coils lay snug and close against each other.

Small wonder that the 846 had blown up. No ordinary boiler could withstand that pressure without letting loose. Someone had screwed her pops down tight. Clever, too. They'd been reported in bad order. It would be easy for the guilty party to make this appear an accident. But he should have rested content. By trying to drop them on Bill he had overplayed his hand.

Finding a box, Bill packed them in it, made out a card, addressed it to the master mechanic, and that very night carried it over and put it in the baggage car of a passenger train. In his room he wrote a letter to Rogers informing him of the shipment.

HE WAS NOT idle in the days that followed. All the men worked their regular eight hours with as much overtime as they cared to put in. But one by one the day machinists in the shop turned in their time and quit. At first Bill was at a loss to understand.

Red's explanation struck him as about right: "Those guys were all Consalvo men. He got 'em on the job. They got no use for you. You'd better let 'em go as fast as they want to. Pick up some boomers in their places. Say," he confided. "I know a couple o' good men. Last I heard from 'em, they was in Louisville. You say the word, an' I'll drop 'em a line. If you'll furnish 'em transportation, they'll come for the ride."

"All right, get 'em here."

Three days later, when he came down to work he found not two but five men sitting in the office waiting for him. They were a hard-looking lot, unshaved and with the grime of travel on them.

One of them spoke up. "Me an' me buddy here got a card from Red. So we blew over here to see what was doin'. We met these guys on the way, an' thought mebbe if you couldn't put 'em to work. They could get a pie-card fer a couple o' days to sort o' work the wrinkles out o' their bellies. But," the speaker's voice grew earnest, "they're good nut-splitters. I know 'em. I worked with 'em on the Illinois Central. An' this guy," pointing to one man, "ain't much to look at, but he can do the work. He held down a job on the Santa Fe for six months an' made big money. An', believe me, anyone who can buck that contract game is good!"

"Well, do you fellows want to start working now, or eat first?" Bill grinned.

"Eat!" came the reply.

By mid morning, however, the boomers were back and at work. Bill could not help laughing at one who chucked a piece of steel in the lathe to turn a pin. He reached in his back pocket for his calipers. Evidently he had lost them. Nothing daunted, he picked up a big cotter pin lying on the floor, spread it out, bent the points in, and with his thumb and forefinger holding the eye, gaged the spinning piece of metal.

THEY DIDN'T need a big kit of tools, these fellows. A hand hammer, a cold chisel, an iron monkey wrench, and they could make almost any of the minor running repairs on a locomotive.

The bridge and building gang had put up a temporary shed to house the supplies. Although each day Bill ordered something very necessary by wire, the stuff was slow in coming. He ran across plenty of the red tape that enmeshes railroad operations.

It took resourcefulness to hold down the delays out of Sandy Bottom. Many an engine came in, had her fires cleaned, and was turned around and sent right out again. And when one went into the roundhouse for a boiler wash, by the time that job was completed she would be minus her injectors, her headlight machine, and perhaps even her pumps—robbed to keep some other engine in service.

Lots of things done there during those first few weeks were outside the regulations. In fact, Bill got a letter from the master mechanic about the switch engine that had been beside the exploded 846. She had been sent in to the back shops for an overhauling, along with the passenger engine on the other side of the 846.

Old Man Rogers had written: "I can well understand how that explosion alongside could have blown off the air pump and the check valve, but I do not see how it blew out the right piston and rod without blowing the head off. Nor how it bent the tank clear off and hooked on another from a different engine."

Bill smiled. Mr. Rogers knew what was going on. But he knew also it was necessary. Bill wondered what he'd say when and if he discovered a thing that had happened a few days before. A string of five engines had halted in the yard. They were being sent from another division to the backshops for an overhauling. They had stopped opposite the roundhouse, and Bill's boomers were not letting an opportunity like that go by.

When those engines left that

evening there were in the roundhouse a half dozen side rods, three or four cylinder heads, a pair of pistons, a couple of dynamos and pumps, and even an extra whistle and bell which hadn't been at Sandy Bottom when the engines first stopped there.

It was only a few weeks, however, till he would be put to a severe test. If he were hard pressed now with just the ordinary runs to contend with, what would happen when the extra work of handling the peach crop came on?

He wired the master mechanic: "Can you spare five or six engines during the peach season?"

The answer came back: "Impossible to comply with your request. We are short of motive power now."

That put it up to him.

ON A THOUSAND sloping hillsides the fragrant peach trees bent and swayed to the gentle summer breezes. The peaches hung heavy, bending the branches down. And Sandy Bottom was the center of this country. Pretty girls with pink cheeks and big breasts and well-developed behinds gathered to pick the fruit. On many a siding the little frame packing houses opened their doors. By team and on cart, in clattering, rattling trucks, winding around the sides of the hills, the peach crop came to a hundred packing houses.

There were orders for a car here, two cars there, a half a dozen in another place. The locals going out of Sandy Bottom carried long strings of empties.

When Bill came to work the dispatcher called him up to say: "Get your feet under you today, old boy, for we start movin' 'em."

Bill had been gradually getting himself set for this. He had a half a dozen extra engines overhauled and standing on the leads behind the turntable. He could not keep down the satisfaction in his voice when he answered the dispatcher.

"All set over here. Call your plays. I got 'em stacked up for you."

"All right. I'm calling a crew to run light over the Lake Bennett branch. She ought to pick up a load there today. And when we get 'em on the mainline, we'll highball 'em through. Give me another engine for about 10:30. We'll send it over the Jackson branch. Keep a couple more in readiness."

Bill called a hostler. "Get the 722 from over the other side of the turntable pit. Coal and fix her up."

Bill felt good. He hadn't had a locomotive failure chalked up against him for a month now.

He looked up at the clear blue sky. Little puffs of clouds were sailing serenely across it. In a couple of weeks now, he'd lay off, take a vacation, go back into the hills, and try his luck fishing. The way things were now, Red could easily handle the job.

Then, without warning, a sudden crash assailed his ears. From across the turntable a big cloud of steam shot out. He ran over to see what was wrong with the 722.

The left back cylinder head had caved in. The bottom guide was torn off. The crosshead was cocked. A big chunk was broken out of the cylinder itself, and the piston rod had a sharp bend in it.

The cause of it all lay on the ground beneath the cylinder, a two-inch hex nut flattened oblong. That nut had been sitting on the guides when the piston drove forward. It had been caught between the crosshead and back cylinder head.

With the momentum of the engine that nut had taken the shove and pushed the cylinder head in. The 722 was effectually out of commission.

Of course, it could have been accidental. Some laborer around the shop, not knowing the damage that would do, might have picked that nut up and carelessly set it down on the guides. Bill thought otherwise.

Carefully he went over another locomotive himself, examined her thoroughly, and got her off without incident. He wired Rogers, much as he hated to, told him what had occurred, and asked him for another engine. He got a reply back in a few hours. There was no help from the master mechanic. He was hard up for power himself.

BY THREE O'CLOCK that afternoon the four extra engines which he had got ready were out picking up the loaded cars of peaches. By eight that night the first train was made up in the yards, with a big, high-wheeled passenger loco pulling it.

She would swiftly whip that load across the division. Every minute would help. The first of the peach crop, it would get top prices on the market. At intervals of three hours during the night other peach trains would be made up for their swift runs.

Bill stood in front of the roundhouse office, watching the train getting started out of the yards. Just before the freight drew up in front of the roundhouse, he decided he'd ride her halfway across the division and come back on the first train they met.

Running across the yards, he caught the grab-irons and swung himself up through the gangway between the tank and the engine. Jim West, the engineeer, turned and saw him, and motioned for him to come up on the seat behind him.

Jim West widened out on the throttle, hooked up the reverse lever. The big hog settled into her stride as they rattled over the switches and lead tracks and out of the yard.

The afterglow of sunset faded in the western sky. The gray of approaching night blurred the outlines of the telegraph poles along the right of way fence. The dynamo whined as the headlight was turned on. The big engine galloped along the steel rails through the warm, summer evening, snaking her load fast behind her. Bill enjoyed that ride.

Two hours later West shut off.

He turned to Bill and said, "We got a stop ahead for water."

His hand moved the brake lever. All along the train, brakeshoes clamped the spinning wheels and absorbed the momentum. The peach train came to a stop, its tank lid spotted directly under the water plug. The fireman clambered up over the coal gates. West got down to oil around. Bill followed him to the ground.

"Well, I've had a nice trip so far," he said. "I think I'll go back now. Wonder how soon something will be along?"

The engineer pulled out his watch. "You haven't got but a few minutes to wait. We got a meet a couple of miles ahead with a freight an' you can go in on her."

SOON THEY were under way again. A few minutes later they saw a train waiting ahead of them. West shut off and slowed down.

"She's ready for us," he called back to Bill.

The foreman started to get off. As he got down into the gangway he happened to glance back. He started as though his eyes were playing him some trick. He thought he saw a figure go up the end ladder on to the first boxcar behind the tender and disappear over the edge of the roof.

Just then the fireman opened the door to put in a fire. His suspicion became a certainty when he saw the shoulders and head of a man moving swiftly over the top of the first boxcar.

For a second he stood, his hand on the tank valve, undecided. Perhaps it was some hobo who'd been riding the back of the tank. Then the memory of the pops came into his mind. He vaulted over the coal gates. Two swift leaps brought him to the back of the tender.

The tank lid was open. Floating on the top of the water was a box-like object. Bill grabbed it. He went back in the cab and examined the soggy package. It was washing powder. It wouldn't have taken long for the cardboard package to disintegrate, for the powder to dissolve.

Then the first time the injector forced that soapy water into the boiler, trouble would start. The boiler would foam. The engine would have to stop immediately. The fire would have to be pulled. There'd be a dead engine out on the road halfway between two division points, and a delay of hours till a relief engine could be sent out.

Bill handed the package to West, exclaiming: "I caught it in time. Keep this to yourself. The fellow that did it was on this train. Nine chances out of ten he's unloaded by now and is going back to the freight we're meeting. I'm going back with him."

Amazed, the engineer looked at the sodden box.

"Why, that fellow who did that, the low-down rat, didn't he know? Burnt crown-sheet, liable to blow up!"

"Sure, he knew," replied Bill. "He didn't give a damn about that! I'll get the son of a bitch."

HE DROPPED off the engine as it slowed down, crossed over, and took his place alongside the freight on the passing track. The peach train picked up speed, rumbled off into the darkness. With a clatter the slack took up on the freight.

Bill waited till just before the caboose reached him. He caught the side ladder on the last car, climbed up on the top. He examined the end door. It was locked. Both side doors were closed. He went over the tops to the next car. It, too, was loaded and locked.

Cautiously he made his way along the tops, sure now that whoever had tried to cripple the peach train engine was riding back on this train. He had been no amateur, no novice around a locomotive, nor around this division. The man who knew enough to play that trick knew there'd be a train waiting here for him to ride back on.

A dozen cars from the rear he came to the first empty. Leaning down, he looked through the open end door. There was nothing to be seen inside, for the night had become overcast. The moon was concealed behind a big bank of black clouds. A storm was about due.

Bill crawled cautiously through the small opening of the end door. He waited till the engine started to blow a road crossing, then, grasping the roof with his hands, he swung quickly and eased himself through the opening.

Not an untoward sound met his ears. Underneath, the rail joints clicked sharply. The boxcar creaked mournfully as it swayed along the track. Up ahead, the beat of the exhaust flailed the air.

He huddled down in a corner, straining his ears, searching the darkness in front of him. For five minutes he crouched there. The train slowed down. The brakeshoes grated against the wheels, the beat of the exhaust died. Slowly they came to a stop.

Back along the train he heard the sound of footsteps crunching the cinders, a brakeman walking ahead. A half-minute later the brakeman passed, his lantern swaying. As he went by Bill started.

For a fleeting second the lantern had thrown a shaft of light through the open side door. It lit up the dark interior. In the far corner Bill saw a darker shadow.

HIS MUSCLES bunched. He rose up on the balls of his feet, bent over, and silently crept toward the corner. Soon he reached the center of the car. He stopped, scarcely breathing, for he heard a small shuffle, a light rustle in front of him.

Perhaps the fireman up in the engine put in a fire then; perhaps the moon momentarily shone through a rift in the clouds, but his eyes made out a shadow—that seemed to be moving toward him. Then all doubt left his mind. He heard a sharp click. He realized

now who was in the car with him.

Bill flung himself forward. His right arm was drawn back. He felt the hot breath of a man in his face, and putting every bit of his energy into his drive, his fist lashed out.

The man he struck grunted loudly. Then a blinding red flame, a deafening crash, filled the boxcar.

Bill felt as though a red-hot iron had touched his shoulder. He paid little attention to it. His left hand reached out, clamped around a wrist. He shoved it upward. His knuckles banged against the car siding.

He heard a dull thud as a gun struck the floor. Neither man spoke. What little advantage Bill's surprise attack had brought him was soon lost, however, for the gunman whose wrist he held was no weakling.

Bill's breath went out as a fist smashed him in the stomach. His right arm swept up, and he crooked a head into the hollow of his elbow, and went down to the floor.

He got to his feet. Right and left, right and left, he drove his fists as hard as he could push them, scarcely feeling the smashing blows he received in return.

Then he became conscious of a sound that steadily grew louder—the beat of an approaching engine's exhaust. A dull glow penetrated into the car, grew brighter.

The sound of the coming train grew louder. The track alongside was bathed in the hard cold glare from her headlight. The man Bill fought stood between him and the door, outlined in that light. Pivoting from his hips, his body rigid, he put everything he had into one blow. It landed solid. An involuntary grunt followed it.

"Your game is up, Consalvo," Bill spoke in breathless gasps.

Consalvo let out a startled yelp, spun around. Arms outstretched, he frantically jumped out of the open door, squarely in the path of the oncoming train. Bill followed him while only a few hundred feet away the iron monster was rushing toward them. He saw that Consalvo had lit on the rail and knocked himself out.

Bill jumped out to the prostrate man, picked him up and fell to the other side of the track just as the engine, brakeshoes squealing and whistle blowing, thundered upon them. It ran by them, but stopped a few hundred feet down the line. The engine crew was coming toward him.

Bill breathed a sigh of relief. His shoulder pained him horribly. His breath came in gasps. But he was satisfied.

Faint, far off, a whistle sounded mournfully. Without delay or failure, the Sandy Bottom peach crop was highballing through the night. ●

MISTY SPRING RAIN

by Ward Adair

Jagged lightning flashes split the sky;
The world is misty-clean with new spring rain;
Long stilly miles of dripping loneliness
Slip by the speeding extra train.

But I ride calm and still atop a reefer,
Cool rain trickling on my brow,
For night trains ever bring me memories
And ghosts are riding with me now.

Ghosts of many roads and many runs:
A motley, lovable, hell-bound crew,
Who drank and fought and loved with me,
Whose hearts were gay and ever true.

Happy Jack, God rest his Irish soul!
And Little Tom, his running mate;
I wonder if they're riding in the rain tonight
Atop some rocking, rumbling freight?

And Lonesome Joe, the lanky Ozark kid;
He loved the patter of evening rain.
I think he rides, with smoky lantern lit,
Somewhere along this ghost-crewed train.

On the Cedar Lawn Cemetery Route

Many years ago, several streetcar lines operated cars that served as hearses, besides carrying mourners to graveyards and bringing them back after the funeral. One such line was the Paterson, (N.J.) Railroad Company. This rare old photograph shows horse-car No. 3, which was used for such a purpose. We don't know when the picture was taken. Maybe some reader can supply details. Note the horse and wagon. At least one car on a mainline railroad, the old Philadelphia & Reading, was used for years in funerals. Read about Sir Winston Churchill's funeral car in this month's *Mail Car*.

C.W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

SPADINA SUBWAY of the Toronto Transit Commission is a 6.5-mile line costing $211 million and expected to attract 12 million riders a year. It was to have opened in October, but an electrician's strike caused a 2½-month delay. TTC had projected a total of 356 million riders on its entire system in 1978. A projected fare increase of 8.3 percent may bring this down considerably.

The Commission will have a new yard for storing subway trains on the new line. It now has yards at Davisville and Greenwood, but since Davisville cannot hold all the trains needed on the Yonge-University line, some have to be shunted over from Greenwood. Now that the Wilson yard is in operation, shunting will not be necessary.

A Naples, Italy, trolley curves arund Piazzetta Leona a Mergellina in '74.

Photograph by William T. Morgan

In the Boston Area

NEW LIGHT RAIL Vehicles are closer to acceptance by the Boston Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority by having passed the first of three performance tests on their availability for rush-hour service. Of 11 cars tested over a 31-day period, 83 percent were found acceptable. Previously, with cars not modified as the latest ones have been, the availability had been only 61 percent.

A second test, with 21 cars taking part daily, also appears to have been successful. After a third test, the LRV's may be accepted by the MBTA for general service. The Authority is now operating with a fleet of 43 LRV's, 32 of which have been modified under a program developed by the manufacturer—Boeing Co.—and the Authority.

Cleveland Peake, MBTA's Superintendent of LRV Operations, says: "Boeing has been extremely cooperative in the efforts to modify these cars and to back their cars with the full resources of their organization. Other modifications need to be made in order to repair the cars more easily. MBTA has submitted a Federal aid application which is currently pending. While we realize new problems may yet crop up on a brand new type of vehicle, we were pleased with the performance of the cars in the recent winter storms."

Joseph Dooley, superintendent of the 38-mile Green Line trolley network, was encouraged by the performance. "I am now optimistic," he said, "although I had been pessimistic about the LRV's. Their additional capacity was a tremendous help in the subway."

If music really "has charms to soothe a savage breast," then Boston subway riders should be models of tranquility as they ride homeward after a hard day's work.

A lot of commuters, who pay a 25 cent fare, lingered by choice beneath the streets of Boston and Cambridge to enjoy recent rush-hour concerts—an experimental program initiated by MBTA. One day Scrubboard Slim performed his act before some 20,000 people, while at a station across town, the Dixie Cook Book Band was drawing the same number of people.

The Boston-Cambridge experiment was the first attempt by a U.S. transit authority to bring entertainment to the subways, according to Jeanne Lupin of MBTA's Production and Promotion Department. The program is appropriately named "Music Under Boston."

But MBTA also has its troubles. The Authority suffered two rear-end collisions in the Boston subway, both during snowfalls. The first involved a new Light Rail Vehicle running into the rear of a PCC car stopped in the subway. A week later, in a very heavy snowstorm, two 2-car trains met in the second rear-end collision, this time at Sullivan Square station. In the first smash-up, 4 people were injured, none seriously; but the second one sent 26 to the hospital. We await the results of investigations into the cause of these accidents, possibly wet or icy rails.

Aside from that, Pullman-Standard has been awarded a $10.8 million contract by MBTA for 25 new commuter rail cars for push-pull trains on non-electrified suburban lines out of Boston. James A. McDivitt, president of Pullman-Standard, says the Chicago-based firm had built 105 similar cars for the New Jersey Department of Transportation in 1970 and 50 more for the NJDOT in 1973.

"As a result," he adds, "our tooling and engineering costs will be kept to a minimum. On the average, tooling and engineering for a newly designed car costs from 3 to 10 million dollars. For this car, the majority of these costs have already been absorbed. The commuters and taxpayers are both in for a smooth ride."

On New York Subways

STUDENTS of New York City's Chelsea Vocational High School collected $1,000 in donations—much of it their lunch money—and gave it to the city to pay for damage to a subway train vandalized by some of their classmates.

"We want to apologize to everyone who we have offended and we hope that you will forgive us," said Joseph Quintessemza, president of the school's student government. He handed a check to John G. de Roos, senior executive officer of the Transit Authority.

The vandalism occurred when students were dismissed at 9:30 a.m. because it was a reading period prior to exams. Scores of them piled into the last three cars of a subway train, and in the next 30 minutes smashed seats, broke lights and windows, and terrified about a dozen passengers. Police arrested three youths on criminal mischief charges and a fourth for molesting a woman.

When word of the mischief spread through the 1,100-member student body, the youngsters showed their concern for Chelsea's reputation by deciding to pay for the damage. Each student was asked to give $1. About half of them contributed. Some could donate only nickels and dimes. Three gave $10 each and a fourth $15. They raised $626. The teachers donated $263, while $100 was raised through fines paid by students involved in the trouble. The school added $11 to make the $1,000 total.

Elsewhere in New York, two elderly men were terrorized and robbed the other day in separate incidents on subway trains by a 19-year-old girl and two young boys armed with meat cleavers, but no one was injured. The terrorists' veneer of toughness dissolved with their arrest, and a transit policeman said they "melted like butter."

"They were riding the trains seeking out senior citizens," added patrolman Harry McCormick. "Kids like this feel big and brave threatening older people, seeing them terrified."

Aurrilia Esquilin, her brother Ramon Esquilin, 16, and an unidentified 14-year-old boy, all of The Bronx, were arrested and charged with robbery, possession of stolen property and possession of dangerous weapons.

THE OFFICIAL New York City subway map, which currently looks more like a Mondrian than a Rand McNally, will soon become more realistic, provided riders approve.

The Metropolitan Transportation Authority unveiled a proposed new map at Cityana Gallery. It shows subway routes plus major streets, parks and neighborhoods in a much more geographically correct setting.

Philly's Elevated Line

PHILADELPHIA'S old elevated line structures apparently are much sturdier than their deteriorating appearance suggests, according to the *Engineering News Record,* sent us by A.C. Benejam, Box 64, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

In tests, a section of the "el" was found to have withstood pressure under a 430-ton load. The tests were made on two spans of the 55-year-old Frankford Avenue line in a three-quarter-mile section set to be demolished when Interstate 95 construction forced its relocation. Results of the tests will be used in deciding whether to replace—or how best to repair—a 5-mile stretch of the original steel frame and concrete deck structure still in use.

Old, heavily-used structures can be difficult to assess by normal analytical procedures, necessitating overly conservative engineering assumptions. The City of Philadelphia, the Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority and the u.S. Urban Mass Transportation Administration funded a $180,000 study of the doomed Frankford Avenue structure. This study was initiated to see what it would take to cause failure of the spans. The impressive performance of the elevated spans in handling loads far in excess of design loads indicates that at least part of them can still be used.

Chicago News Items

ILLINOIS Supreme Court recently held the Chicago Transit Authority and its employes responsible in a case involving the protection of law-abiding passengers from attacks by thugs on trains, according to a recent news item in the *Chicago Tribune.*

The ruling upholds a Cook County jury's award of damages to a man whose leg was broken by three drunks back in 1970, while he was riding an Englewood train. An appellate court had reversed this judgment, apparently agreeing with the Amalgamated Transit Union that it was too much to expect a CTA conductor—who is one of the nation's highest paid transit workers—to worry himself over passenger safety.

The conductor in this instance acknowledged that the three men seemed "bent on mischief" when they boarded the train. Yet when they picked a fight with the man they later attacked, he merely told them to "cool it" and then saw fit to move to another car, leaving the victim almost alone with his tormentors. The mere presence of the conductor in the car might have deterred this particular attack.

I REMEMBER the old interurban railways. The average car had three sections; the baggage, the smoking, and the coach. The baggage section was used to carry just about everything. In the early twenties, the farms along the line, be it near Trenton or Chicago, had little platforms by the tracks. Each morning, anywhere from 5 to 60 milk cans would be loaded into a car. Near the end of a run, the baggage section would have as many as 300 cans.

An interurban's top speed was usually about 85 mph—on rail from 60 to 100 lbs., which was the common rail of the systems. The North Shore, which I consider to have been the nation's finest interurban system, had 132-lb. rail, just like a first class I railroad. And its trains were very fast, normally 85 to 95 mph! In about 1940 the system received *Electroliners.* They were beautiful: four articulated streamlined cars in each of two trains. I remember the first test run. What a lovely ride! One of those test runs actually made a speed of 118 mph.

The last time I rode the North Shore was on Jan. 20, 1963, when New York City was under 14 inches of snow. I remember standing in the cab with the motorman watching the speedometer needle climb from 0 to 101 mph. The motorman informed me that on the 8 a.m. trip that same day the needle was up to 106. They normally ran from Milwaukee to the Chicago station, 90 miles, in 110 minutes. The last part of the run in Chicago was on the El. What a sight to see that train turn on the Loop. While on the El, the *Electroliners* could not go faster than 35 mph. I guess it was a safety reason. John Jay Maggio, Jr., 102 Bay 11th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11228.

The West Heard From

AT SAN FRANCISCO, brass collars of the Municipal Railway are getting edgy about the new LRV cars starting to arrive in their city to replace the PCC fleet, writes Paul C. Trimble, 75Bret Court, Novato, Calif. 94947, after hearing earlier reports of sub-par performance by such cars in Boston and remembering the problems the BART new cars had in their first years.

Paul is author of *Interurban Railways of the Bay Area,* reviewed in this department. He says the problems are urgent because, in anticipation of the new cars, the PCC's have been allowed to deteriorate so much that the city must decide whether to gamble on the success of the new ones or spend large sums to renovate the present fleet to keep it running until enough acceptable equipment is in service.

Paul tells us also that the cable cars on Muni's Powell-Mason and Powell-Hyde lines were out of service for a few days in January, due to unexpected cable frayings detected by

Dallas-bound Texas Electric car 328 at Waxahatchie on February 22, 1948.
Wm. O. Gibson, 4427 30th St., San Diego, Calif. 92116

a warning device. The situation was so bad that both lines had to replace cables. No reason has been given for the sudden failures. They came after a heavy rain, which may have made it difficult to lubricate the cables and caused a lot of debris to cascade down the cable-car slots.

Another news item from Paul says the Powell-Mason line may be extended from its present terminus at Bay and Taylor streets for a distance of 3 blocks to Fisherman's Wharf, where a new turntable would be installed at Jefferson and Taylor streets. San Francisco Port Commission approved the project, which needs additional backing from the Public Utilities Commission.

ANOTHER new trolley line will be opening soon, this one in the ski resort town of Aspen, Colo., according to Henry Korman of Longview, Washington. To serve the line now being built both as a tourist attraction and for skiers, old single-trucked trolleys from Lisbon, Portugal, were shipped to Aspen. The first one arrived in January, with 9 others to follow. St. Louis Car Co. built them in 1899. They resemble cars now used on the one-mile line in downtown Detroit.

Paul Class, of the Glenwood (Ore.) Electric Railway Museum, arranged for their sale and shipment. A few years ago he similarly aided several trolley museums in buying open trolleys from Rio de Janiero, Brazil. The Aspen line will be a mile long, connecting the ski areas with a nearby dormitory zone.

SEATTLE'S City Council transportation committee has approved an agreement with Metro, which operates the transit system, for the purchase of two old streetcars from Melbourne, Australia, to run on a mile-long line proposed for Seattle's central waterfront area. The cars will cost $55,000. The entire project is budgeted for $1.5 million, all but $300,000 of which the Federal Government is expected to pay.

These trolleys will run between Pier 70 and Pioneer Square along a 1.3-mile stretch of existing railroad siding that parallels Alaskan Way. A carbarn-station will be built near Pier 90 to house the cars. For the first 5 years the new line operates, Metro will pay the City of Seattle $90,000 a year subsidy. This actually represents a bargain for Metro, which now loses $144,000 a year on bus service along the waterfront. When the streetcars start running, the money-losing bus service will be rerouted.

ALTHOUGH plans for rapid rail transit in the Los Angeles area remain uncertain, it now appears that the city may soon have a Downtown People Mover, made up of driverless vehicles operating on their own right-of-way, sometimes called a horizontal elevator. U.S. Transportation Secretary Brock Adams announces a grant of over $1 million to help finance the preliminary engineering, design, and environmental impact for the Downtown project.

The DPM would be a 2.7 mile system serving an area from the convention center to Union Station. About 1800 feet of guideway and one station will be underground. The remaining guideway and 10 stations will be elevated. At the Union Station end, buses will connect from the El Monte Busway. Connecting priority bus lanes and facilities are being proposed at the convention center.

There was local opposition to the DPM, according to Arthur C. Davis, 7323 Balcom Ave., Reseda, Calif. 91335. Some critics branded it as a toy, an unnecessary expense, and a haven for muggers, warning that it was likely to do the downtown area more harm than good. They fear it would set back the region's transit plans many years.

Old Milwaukee Electric

A RETIRED electric locomotive which worked for nearly 62 years on the Milwaukee Road recently joined the collection of historic railroad equipment at the Lake Superior Museum of Transportation in Duluth. It originally carried the number 10200, later E-50. The 288-ton, 112-foot unit was the first with which in 1915 the Milwaukee Road began its electrified operations across five mountain ranges in Montana, Idaho, and Washington. Donated to the museum by the railroad, it was dedicated by officers of the Milwaukee Road and the museum.

The Lake Superior Museum of Transportation is located at the St. Louis County Heritage and Arts Center in the restored Duluth Union Depot. It contains steam, diesel and electric locos, freight and passenger cars, and other railroad equipment in the former passenger trainshed.

The newly-acquired E-50 is open for inspection, with its principal interior equipment designated and interpreted. It stands with pantographs raised against a section of the actual trolley wire under which it ran in freight service.

This loco was the first of 42 two-unit jobs delivered by General Electric, beginning in 1915. It was the largest electric loco in service at the time of delivery. It was also the first to operate on 3,000 volts of direct current and the first to use regenerative braking, in which its traction motors became generators when the train was going downhill, slowing the train by absorbing the energy created by the downhill movement and restoring electric current to the overhead wire. Diesel-electrics used in mountain service today can use a contemporary version of the practice called dynamic braking.

We learn from the *Railway Carmen's Journal* that the E-50 was taken out of service in 1974 and stored, with permanent display in mind, when the Milwaukee converted from electrified operations across the mountains to diesels. It was kept in the roundhouse at Deer Lodge, Mont., until late last summer, when it was moved to the Milwaukee Shops to be restored to original appearance. The museum is open to the public daily from May through October and on weekends the rest of the year.

South Shore westbound three-car train at Michigan City, Ind., in Sept. '75.
Charles F. Willer, 213½ W. Maumee, Angola, Ind. 46703

Overseas Transit Lines

RIO DE JANEIRO'S subway is a billion-dollar transportation aid that sometimes seems like a billion-dollar disaster. Its path is marked by mud, broken window panes, cracked walls and furious apartment dwellers who complain that cement-mixers, pile-drivers, and heavy machinery have made it impossible for them to sleep.

Officials estimate the subway will cost $1.1 billion by the time it is finished, possibly next year. But some say nobody really knows the eventual figure. "Human and material costs are absurdly higher than predicted," grumbled the Jornal do Brasil in an editorial.

Irritations are so extensive that some people have retaliated by throwing tomatoes, rotten eggs, and bottles from their apartment windows at the construction workers below. The unfortunate operator of one cement-mixer missed three days of work when he was struck on the head by a cassava.

Technically, Rio is subject to a "law of silence" effective between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. But it is not uncommon to see heavy machinery rolling up and down a subway construction area at 4 a.m. The subway's progress has been accompanied by cracking walls, ruptured sewage lines, and frequent interruptions of water, gas, electric, and telephone service as lines are accidentally cut.

Rio residents complain that life in formerly pleasant, tree-shaded neighborhoods has been disrupted, or that front entrances to their apartment buildings have been blocked off. As the work progresses, they say they can no longer find places to park. Neighbors in one area were severely inconvenienced when all four local supermarkets closed down. As streets are dug up and traffic to the area cut off, many stores have become stranded, losing business because customers find it hard to get to them.

The Alencar Glass Shop in Catete, however, reported a brisk increase in business when subway construction began to approach. In one two-week period it replaced 1,000 panes of glass in nearby windows.

BOB WIEDRICH, a *Chicago Tribune* columnist, tells of the popularity of a recently-refurbished old tram in Berne, Switzerland, available for charter services.

"For about $60," he writes, "you can ride around town in solitary splendor while covering 30 miles of track in an hour. Or, you can invite your friends, hire a caterer, and toss a cocktail party and buffet dinner." The 1920s-era, two-car tram became a social hit when municipal streetcar employes refurbished it a year ago with donations from the good burghers of Berne.

"The trolley comes furnished with wall-to-wall carpeting and dining tables. It can be used for opulent sightseeing trips. Or the streetcar company will leave it parked in a terminal so you don't have to risk spilling the champagne.

"Available to anyone on a first come, first served basis, it is so consistently booked up that revelers often have to wait weeks for an opening. The long wait, though, is worth it."

LONDON, ENGLAND, has joined the growing list of cities having a direct rail connection to its airport. Last December a 3.5 mile extension of the Underground from Hounslow, formerly the subway's western terminus, to Heathrow Airport was opened with dedication ceremonies led by Queen Elizabeth II.

The new route had been on the planning boards for 31 years but construction did not begin until 7 years ago. Final cost was $55 million. A traveler can now disembark from a plane at any one of the airport's 3 big terminals, pick up his bags, get on a moving sidewalk, board the subway, and step off at Piccadilly Circus in the heart of London. The ride takes 40 minutes; getting from one point to the other used to take 70 minutes. It had to be made by a combination of train and bus and involved a lot more wrestling with baggage.

New Electric Publications

Interurban Railways of the Bay Area, by Paul C. Trimble, 199 pages, 8½x11, hard cover, is available at $20 from Valley Publishers, 8 E. Olive Ave., Fresno, Calif. 93728.

Here are the stories of 8 different rail lines that served 9 counties during the first half of this century, none of which survives today. An epilogue includes a final chapter on BART rapid transit system.

Of the 8 interurban systems, 7 connected with northern California ferries

A glimpse of Toronto's beautiful new subway station, Yorkdale, which opened for service in February.

Toronto Transit Commission

and riverboats, while 6 had direct connections with steam railroads. The 8 were the Sacramento Northern, Northwestern Pacific, Napa Valley Route, Southern Pacific (later Interurban Electric), Key System, Petaluma & Santa Rose, Market Street Ry. Route 40 to San Mateo, and the Peninsular Railway. The last-mentioned was a landlocked route south of San Francisco.

All these lines are covered with their histories, rosters of electrics and ferryboats, maps, and numerous photographs. I counted 52 photos and a cover shot from my own collection among the 300 illustrations. Trimble tells about the growth of the Bay Area and how these electric lines were built to serve its expanding population.

Surf, Sand, & Streetcars: a Mobile History of Santa Cruz, California, by Charles S. McCaleb, 116 pages, 8½x11″, hard covers, may be had for $13.25 from Interurbans, P.O. Box 6444, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

Santa Cruz is a seaside resort on the Pacific. As early as 1875, with less than 5,000 people, it was big enough to set up a local horse-drawn transportation system. McCaleb carries the story on to the first of two trolley companies that were to run in the city in later years. The trackage extended for a few miles to Capitola but never connected with any other line. Illustrating the history are 157 photos, many of them old and fine, which is quite remarkable, since the system closed as long ago as 1926. Also included are a roster, maps, and an index.

Another book, originally published in 1956 as Interurbans Special 19, *Arkansas Valley Interurban,* by M.D. Isely, and long out of print, has been reprinted with some additions such as a chapter on the Hutchinson & Northern trolley freight line, owned by Carey Salt Co. This 67-page history includes maps, a roster, and many photos of the 60-mile Kansas interurban line. Interurbans (see above) sells it for $6.50.

CONTINUE sending transit news and electric-line books for review to Steve Maguire, Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719. ●

Railroad Magazine's **new address is 150 East 58th Street, 35th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. A suddenly stepped-up production schedule did not give Mike Eagleson or Jim Edmonston enough time to write their columns for May. Hereafter, "Search" and "Trackside" will run as usual each month.**

EVER SEE A TRACK GEOMETRY CAR?

SOUTHERN PACIFIC'S new $625,000 track geometry car—the most advanced unit of its kind in the world—is helping the system's Engineering Department people to get a much clearer "picture" of track conditions than is possible with visual inspection—the usual method.

Underneath the bright orange, self-propelled car are 12 measuring wheels. As the car moves along the track, these wheels determine such factors as whether the rails are properly aligned, level, smooth, in gage (to the tenth of an inch), surfaced to the extent required for the particular class of track, and whether one rail is higher than the other over a set distance.

The 80,000-pound car collects data at operating speeds up to 70 mph and under the pressures and other conditions that would be created by a loaded train. These dynamic measurements give a precise idea of what changes take place underneath a train when it moves over a given section of track.

The measurements are collected mechanically, but strain gages and other instruments translate them into electronic impulses fed into a mini-computer aboard the car. The computer makes the necessary calculations and produces two print-out reports as the car rolls along.

One is a continuous graph which shows the actual geometry of the track; the other—in numerical form—compares the measurements obtained with Federal Railroad Administration standards for the particular class of track, noting any exceptions.

The measurements are taken approximately every two feet (they can even be taken at six-inch intervals) while the car is in motion, and locations are pinpointed so precisely on the paper printouts that a roadmaster can, for instance, look at the data and know that 280 feet from mile post 99 there is an area of track ten feet long that is six tenths of an inch out of gage—one tenth of an inch over applicable FRA standards.

The car is powered by a 450 horsepower diesel engine and can be operated from either end. It has airbrakes, air horns and air operated throttle controls. It is radio-equipped and has an intercom system between the car's driver and the operator who sits at the measurement control panel.

Usually aboard the car, in addition to its crew, are a division operating officer, the roadmaster of the district being tested, and a representative of the division engineer's office. Several other railroads and the FRA have track geometry cars, but SP's new unit has the latest, most advanced features. ●

MYSTERY ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

ONE CLEAR autumn evening in 1947 a young Canadian Pacific trainman, working on a freight between Winnipeg and Brandon, stopped at Portage la Prairie for coal and water. While he was inspecting the train, walking westward alongside the boxcars on the north side of the track, he was startled to spot a giant, cigar-shaped object in the sky. It seemed bathed in bluish-green light and was proceeding—not at any great speed—from north to south.

The description differs somewhat from most sightings since then, in that the craft seemed to be directing a beam of light—of great intensity—earthward from what appeared to be a searchlight. As any engineman or motorist knows, in clear conditions one does not actually see a beam of light unless there is dust or misty conditions. I wonder if what he saw was a laser beam—unheard of to most people in 1947).

After permitting him a good look, the mysterious machine turned off first the lights in the circular windows around its circumference and then the searchlights. In the words of the trainman: "Then it simply became impossible to see—it vanished, like a fadeout in the movies!"

Other members of the train crew were occupied with their tasks and did not witness the incident. The young trainman rose through the ranks to become superintendent Al Fryers at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. He has since retired, but is still active in public service in that area.

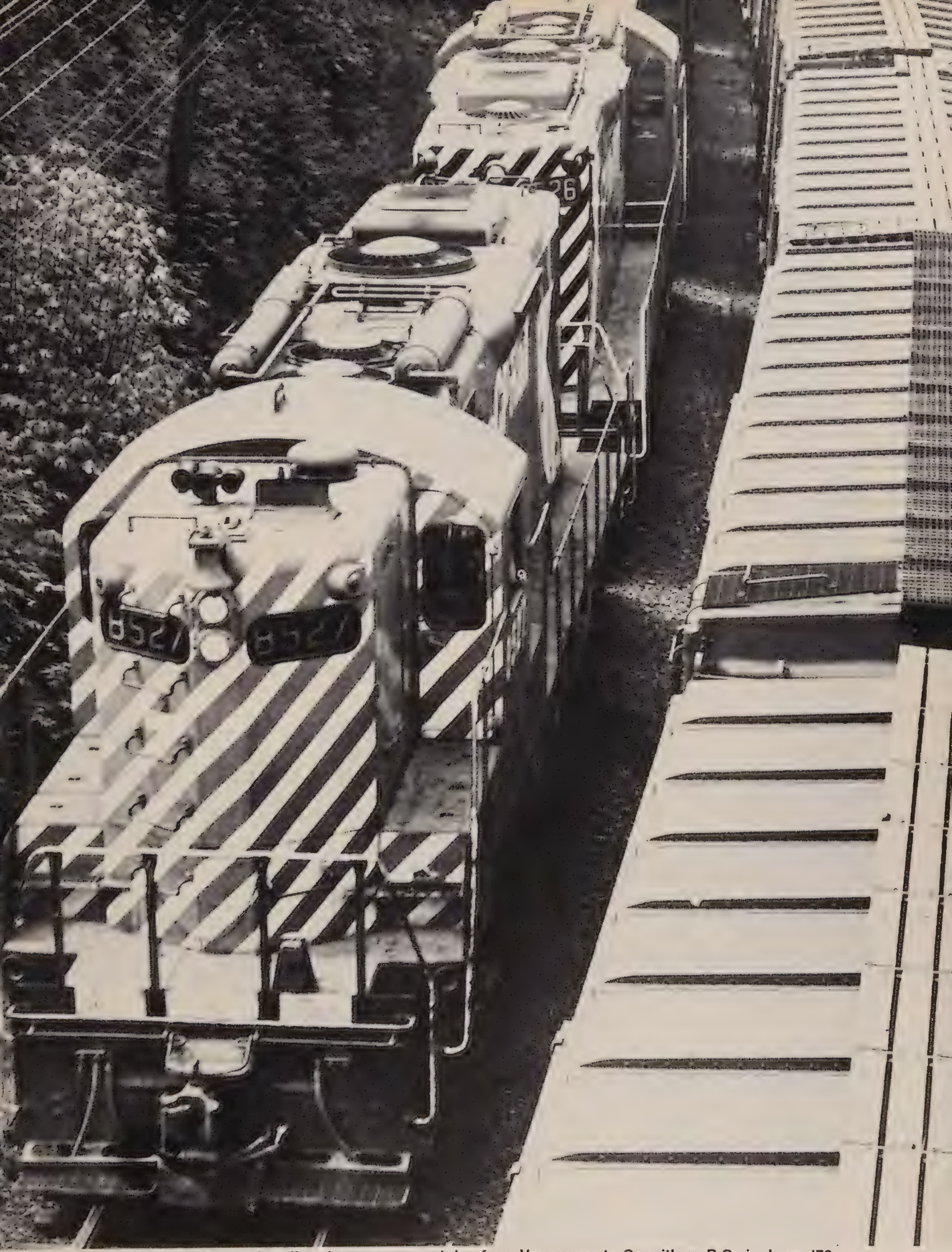
Recalling the incident, Al says: "It could have been 300 feet long at a mile or 150 feet at three-quarters of a mile. There was simply nothing to provide a third dimension: no buildings, no trees—no clue at all to coming up with an estimate of its size."

There have been cases where more than one man witnessed the appearance of a UFO. For example, CP engineman Andy Staysko (now retired) of Lethbridge, Alta., and his fireman were running late on Train 8 near Antelope, Sask. also in 1947.

"All of a sudden there it was," relates Andy. "I called out to the fireman. He saw it too and was as bug-eyed as myself."

What they saw has since become the standard UFO sighted all over the world—an elongated cigar-shaped craft, surrounded with a bluish light and bearing circular or oval windows.

The track swung into the lea of some hillocks and the mysterious vehicle was lost to sight. When they cleared the curve there was nothing to see. Andy put the UFO's length at 300 feet, and added that the fireman agreed with that figure. But, as in the Al Fryers case, there was no real way of making a measurement.—*Interesting Railfan* Nicholas Morant, in *CP Rail News.* ●



Canadian Pacific geeps heading drag over mountains from Vancouver to Coquitlam, B.C., in June, '72.

Dykstra, 270 Angela #9, Port Moody, B.C., Canada

Who can identify this photo? It looks like a B&M doubleheader emerging from the Hoosac Tunnel.
Collection of late Charles E. Fisher

BLOWING UP A TUNNEL

MANY YEARS AGO the terrain around what is now Omaha was extremely rough and rugged, due to watersheds of several streams flowing north to south. When the Union Pacific's mainline tracks were built in 1869 they made a wide detour south before starting west, to avoid this broken country.

Then in 1890, UP President Horace Burt proposed a direct line betwen Omaha and the Elkhorn River Valley to avoid the wide detour. Edward H. Harriman, chairman of the road's executive committee, approved the construction.

It was a great engineering feat that cost $4.5 million. Surveying began in 1903, construction in 1905, and completion in 1908. Known as the Lane Cut-off, it was 11.64 miles long. Timber trestles were erected to carry the cars which dumped tons of dirt in layers from the trestle top down the trestle sides, completely covering them. At this time, three tunnels were built in Omaha through the huge UP landfills to accommodate the occasional farm wagons, horse and buggy, and the early-day automobile. One was at 50th Street, another at 84th Street, and the third at 120th Street.

As Omaha grew, the population moved westward. The narrow, 150-foot tunnel on busy 84th Street now carried thousands of vehicles daily. Frustrated motorists created traffic jams on both sides of the tunnel.

To alleviate the congestion, Union Pacific entered into a cooperative venture with Douglas County and the Federal Government to build a bridge over 84th Street in order to eliminate the tunnel. Hawkins Construction Co. was awarded the contrast. The $4 million project began in July 1976. The funding is 70 percent Federal and 30 percent from Douglas County, because the tunnel is an island of county land within the city of Omaha.

The project consists of a railroad bridge over a four-lane thoroughfare with right and left turning lanes.

After approving plans for the new bridge, UP granted a temporary easement for a detour road around the tunnel. A double-track shoo-fly was installed at the construction site. Despite major construction, two tracks handled traffic along the mainline.

Eight 100-foot holes were drilled from the top of the landfill on the main line and iron casings were dropped in and filled with concrete to form permanent support columns. Once set, the fill dirt around the casings was removed. The tunnel was the only remaining major obstacle. This tunnel was 29′8″ across and 27′ high, three feet thick at the top, and eight feet thick at the base.

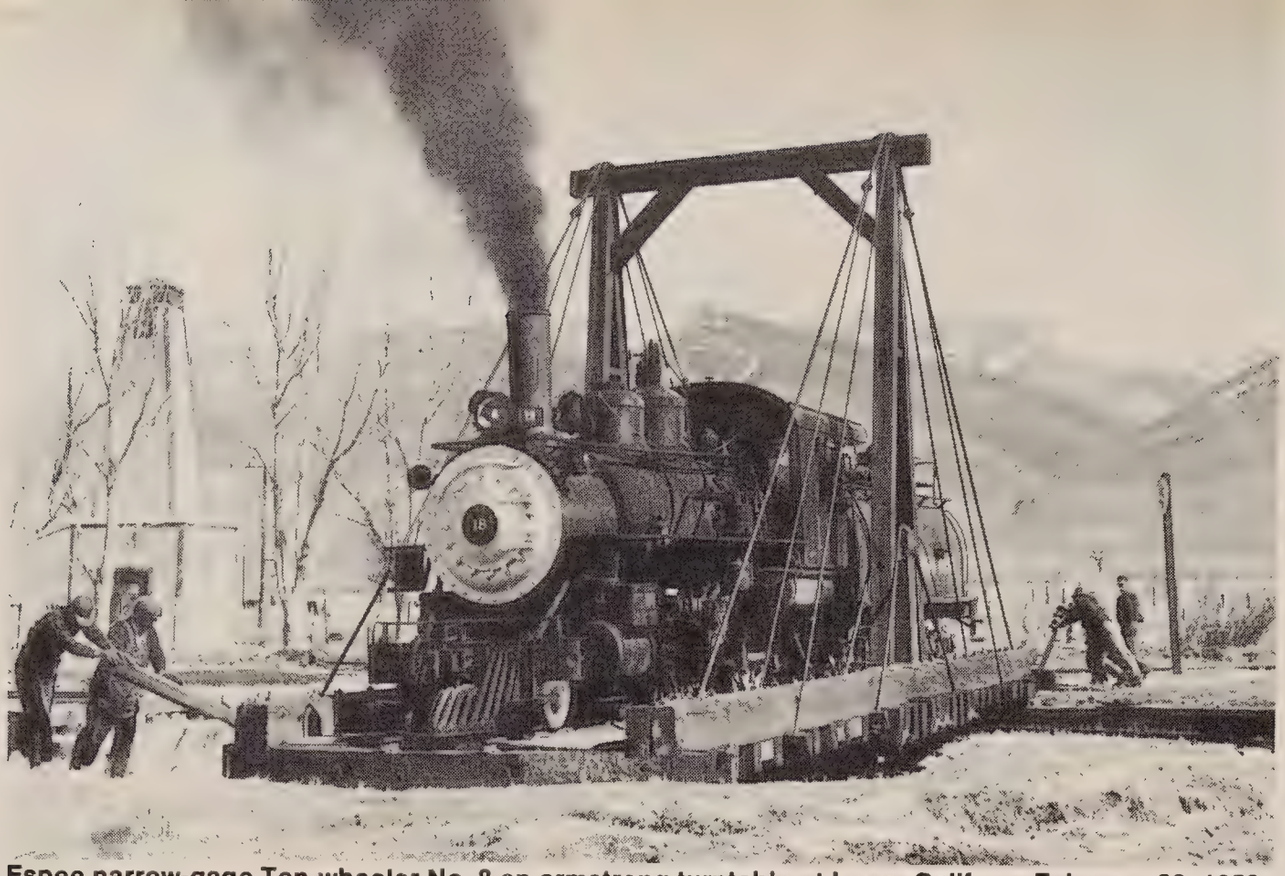
It was demolished by a series of four major blasts designed to crack the tunnel in order to remove the debris by truck. Dynamite was placed about four feet apart with three to four sticks per hole on the top and four to six per hole at the base of the tunnel. A total of 1,400 pounds of dynamite was used. Prior to the blasts, rail and vehicular traffic was stopped on the UP mailline and along 84th Street.

From one abutment to the other, the bridge is 390 feet long and will tower 57′5″ above street level. It will be completed late this summer or early fall. ●

How Many Non-Railroading Readers Have Ever Seen a Wye?

This is a railroad tunnel with but one portal. This railroad engineering marvel, 163 feet long, was built on Southern Pacific lines at summit of the Cascade mountains in southern Oregon. Track extended into tunnel was used by locomotives coming from one direction and using wye to make turn.

Southern Pacific



Espee narrow-gage Ten-wheeler No. 8 on armstrong turntable at Laws, Calif., on February 22, 1952.

Photograph by Fred H. Matthews, Jr.

Association of American Railroads, 1920 L St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Baltimore & Ohio engine terminal and turntable at Ivy City, Washington, D.C., in 1950's era.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits.
Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 150 East 58th Street, 35th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022.
No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1. About a year ago you had a statement on coal pipelines. Any change since then?

A Congressional research agency concluded in mid-January that on some routes, specifically from Wyoming to Texas and from Tennessee to Florida, delivery of ground-up coal through slurry pipelines could be cheaper than by rail. This agency, the Office of Technology Assessment, also said, however, that coal shipment would cost less by railroad from Utah to California and from Montana to Minnesota and Wisconsin. It added that future damage to railroad earnings, chiefly of Western systems, would be influenced much less by loss of business to slurry pipelines than by the general pattern of rate regulation. The impact on rail revenue probably would be moderate even if those pipelines were expanded to carry as much as 200 million of the 1.6 billion tons of U.S. coal output forecast for the year 2000.

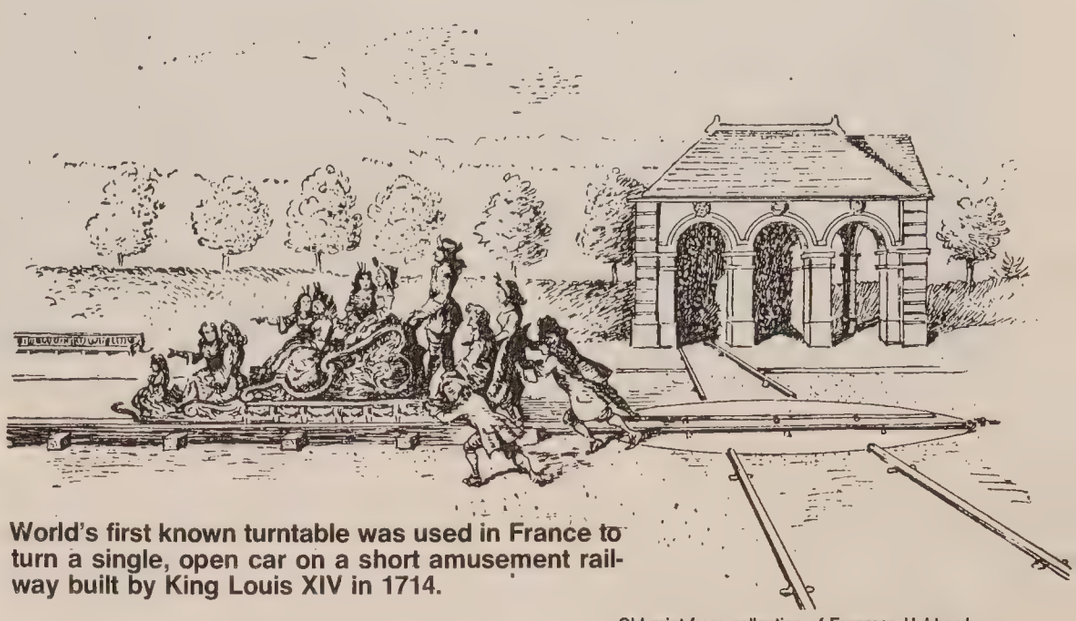
William H. Dempsey, president, Association of American Railroads, said of this study: "The O.T.A. disposes—once and for all, it is hoped—of questions regarding the railroad industry's ability to supply all the coal transportation needed. In fact, the O.T.A. found that the capacity of rail systems can be expanded faster than can coal mining or electric-power generation, and that the introduction of coal slurry pipelines would not materially affect the rate of coal resource development and use on a national scale."

He added that the "findings refute the major claims on which the proponents of coal slurry pipelines have pinned their hopes for this special interest legislation."

2 Anything on Baltimore & Ohio's so-called "Little Joes"?

There were only two of these class C16 0-4-0T's, originally numbered 97 and 98, and, in 1950, renumbered 897 and 898. Oil-fired because of intercity smoke problems, they were short-wheelbased in order to get around the sharp siding curves in Baltimore. As far as I know, these non-Milwaukee Little Joes were retired permanently in 1951.

3 What is a wye? The following may seem like a foolish question, but which came first in railroad history, the locomotive or the turntable?



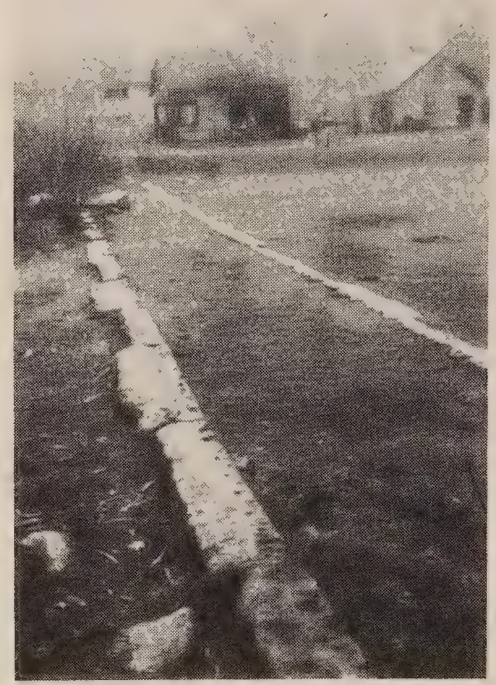
World's first known turntable was used in France to turn a single, open car on a short amusement railway built by King Louis XIV in 1714.

Old print from collection of Freeman Hubbard

Actually, the turntable. A locomotive ending her run or about to start a new run may be turned around on a wye—a simple track loop—or on a more complicated turntable. Wyes are preferred where space is available and traffic does not call for a quick turnaround. They are relatively cheap to build, need no mechanical care, and do not break down. You find them mostly on small railroads, branches of industrial roads, military lines, and minor spurs of big systems. But for heavy traffic at engine terminals or in areas where compactness is necessary there must be a turntable, colloquially known as a "merry-go-round."

The world's first recorded turntable was used in France to turn a single, rococo, open car that uniformed lackeys pushed on a short amusement railway built in 1714 by King Louis XIV for the hoop-skirted ladies and periwigged gentlemen of his decadent Versailles court on the Marly le Roi palace grounds.

Oddly enough, the U.S. also had a turntable before it had a locomotive. Engineer Gridley Bryant devised it for the horse-drawn Granite Ry., which was opened Oct. 7, 1826, to haul huge granite blocks from a quarry in Quincy, Mass., in building a monument to mark the site of the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was a circular granite block, like an oversized stone found in a grist mill, pivoted in the center and delicately balanced. The table remained in operation until 1859; the monument itself is still standing.



First U.S. turntable (upper left) on well-preserved remnant of Granite Railway at West Quincy, Mass. Abandoned GR buildings in background.

Collection of Freeman Hubbard

4 Name the U.S. railroads using the following tunnels: Hoosac, Hudson River, East River, Snoqualmie, and Norden.

Grand Trunk 4-6-2 No. 291 with nose pointed east at Dearborn station, Chicago, July 26, 1911.
Collection of Gorton T.H. Wilbur

Boston & Maine has two tracks running 25,081 ft. through Hoosac Tunnel in Massachusetts. As for the Hudson and East Rivers, the former Pennsylvania, now Conrail, runs 15,600 ft. with two tracks and 14,172 ft. with four tracks respectively. The now-bankrupt Milwaukee Road operates 11,890 ft. on single rail through Snoqualmie Tunnel in Washington and its single-rail bore through 10,126 ft. in Espee's Norden.

5 When did the Grand Trunk enter Chicago?

Do you mean on their own lines or over another road? If you mean the first entrance, it was sometime after 1859 when GT set up connections from Detroit to Chicago via the Michigan Central. However, after Commodore Vanderbilt's New York Central took over the MC, the Grand Trunk no longer had a friendly connection to Chicago, which meant that it must itself build its own road to that city. The Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry. was formed in 1880 as a consolidation of short lines operating as the Chicago & Lake Huron RR. and became linked to the Chicago & State Line extension by 34 miles of new construction west of Valpariso, Ind. Later, the section of line between Port Huron and Chicago became known as the Grand Trunk Western Railway.

6 I'm an ex-switchman for the Spokane, Portland & Seattle. What is meant by a current connection?

Under the Railroad Retirement Act, a "current connection with the railroad industry" is one of the requirements for supplemental annuities and occupational disability annuities. It could also help an employee meet certain dual benefit vesting requirements. In addition, a current connection is one of the criteria for determining which agency—the U.S. Railroad Retirement Board of Social Security Administration—has jurisdiction over any survivor benefits payable on the basis of an individual employee's earnings. The general purpose of this requirement is to reserve these particular benefits for employes whose last regular job before retirement or death was railroading.

7 I want words to "The Boomer," a poem, by A.L. Willis.

He blew into Grogan's shanty as the boys were havin' lunch,
An' right away he's one of us an' eatin' with the bunch.
He bones a fag from Grogan an' then, right off the reel,
This bloomin', boomin', boomer gives his modest little spiel.
He's railroaded in Mexico, in Idaho, an' Maine;
There's nothin' you can tell this guy about the railroad game;
Skatcheywan to New Yawleans, Chi to Painted Post,
Birmingham an' Saginaw, he knows 'em coast to coast.

Oilburners on the Santa Fe, smoke eaters on the "Q,"
NYC, an' Nickel Plate, Erie, Penn an' the "Soo."
Loggin' roads, an' minin' dumps, freight an' varnished trains,
He's hogger, shack, and tallowpot, baggage man and brains.
Thrills are what he's lookin' for, let him tell the tale;
An' when he finds the railroad game is gettin' kinda stale,
He kicks out of his overalls an' beats it to the hills,
Forgettin' in the meantime to pay his many bills.
An' there's the ladies, bless them! the pester of his life,
His fatal beauty gets 'em, widow, maid, an' wife,

They're doggin' of his footsteps, they're campin' on his trail,
An' when he hops the rattler, they wait an' wail an' wail.
"Well, fellas, glad I met you, but now I gotta skip,
I got a job of chambermaid about a cattle ship."
He shakes our hands affectionate, an' at the door salutes,
An' with him went my briar pipe and Grogan's rubber boots.

8 Anything on World War II records of Canadian Pacific's western Canada steamers *S.S. Princess Marquerite I* and *Princess Kathleen*?

With the outbreak of WWII severe demands were made on Canadian shipping, with the result that both vessels—popular on the triangle Vancouver-Victoria-Seattle run—were pressed into war time transport service. The three-stacked *Marguerite,* built by John Brown and capable of making 22½-knots, was assigned to Mediterranean waters. On the early morning of Aug. 17, 1942, she was steaming north from Port Said, Egypt, bound for Cyprus with 1200 troops aboard, when the German sub U-83 torpedoed and sank her, with a loss of 55 lives. The *Princess Kathleen* served gallantly in the war, only to sink in

Alaskan waters in 1952, after going aground on Lena Point.

Dismal reports from Canadian railfan clubs say that this could be the last year for the *Patricia,* our favorite of the Princess class, on the CP Vancouver-to-Alaska run. That inland water route on the *Princess Pat,* between Vancouver, B.C., Skagway, Alaska, connecting with the White Pass & Yukon up over the mountains, is one of the finest cruises I've ever taken. I hope this isn't the *Princess Pat's* last year.

9 Which railroads running in North Dakota in the late 1930s?

There were eight: the Chicago & North Western, the Milwaukee, Farmers Grain & Shipping Co., the Great Northern, the Midland Continental, the Soo, the Northern Pacific, and the Cavalier.

10 Anything on early operations of New York-to-Miami passenger train *Florida Special?*

This train began operations Jan. 9, 1888, from Jersey City, N.J. (not New York City), and left every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning on the approximate 30-hour trip to Jacksonville, but not Miami. This so-called aristocrat of winter trains in its early years consisted of three Pullman sleepers, a dining car, a composite library and smoking car, a baggage car and a steam loco. George M. Pullman called it "in all respects the most complete train yet constructed." Like the Pullman train running between London and Brighton, England, it was electrically lighted. These were then the only such lighted trains in the world.

11 How many EMD units are currently running on the Western Pacific?

As of the first of this year WP had 90 EMD's: Nos. 601-606, all class 5W9 with 1200 hp; 608, NW2, 1200 hp; 701-709, GP7, 1500 hp; 710 and 713, GP7, 1500 hp; 725, 727-729, 731, and 732, GP9, 1750 hp; 913, F7, 1500 hp; 915, 917, 918, and 921, F7, 1500 hp; 1500-1503, SW, 1500 hp; 2001, 2002, and 2004-2006, GP20, 2000 hp; 2007-2010, GP20, 2000 hp; 3001-3010, GP35, 2500 hp; 3012, GP, 25, 2500 hp; 3013-3015, 3017-3020, and 3022, GP 35, 2500 hp; 3501-3504 and 3506-3510 GP40, 3000 hp; 3511-3516, GP40, 3000 hp; 3517-3526, GP40, 3000 hp, and 3527-3544, GP 40, 3000 hp.

12 When did Maine's first locomotive run?

Nov. 6, 1836, from Bangor to Oldtown over the Bangor & Piscataquis Canal — Railroad (latter part of the Maine Central).

13 Name the operating railroads and terminals controlled by Southern Railway.

It is a very impressive list: the Alabama Great Southern R.R.; the Central of Georgia R.R.; the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Ry.; the Georgia Southern & Florida Ry.; the Norfolk Southern Ry.; the Atlantic & East Carolina Ry.; the Birmingham Terminal; the Camp Le Jeune R.R.; the Georgia Northern Ry.; the Interstate R.R.; the Live Oak, Perry & South Georgia Ry.; the Louisiana Southern Ry.; the New Orleans Terminal Co.; the St. Johns River Terminal Co.; the State University R.R.; the Tenn., Ala. & Ga. Ry., and the Tennessee Ry.

Other companies controlled by the Southern: Airforce Pipeline, Inc.; the Arrowood Southern Co.; the Arrowood Southern Executive Park, Inc.; the Atlanta & Charlotte Air Line Ry. Co.; the Atlanta Terminal Co.; the Blue Ridge Ry. Co.; the Charlotte-Southern Corp.; the Chattanooga Station Co.; the Chattanooga Terminal Ry. Co.; the Citico Realty Co.; the Danville & Western Ry. Co.; the Durham & South Carolina R.R. Co.; the Elberton Southern Ry. Co.; the Georgia Midland Ry. Co., the High Point, Randleman, Asheboro & Southern R.R. Co.; the Lenoir Car Works; the Macon Terminal Co.; the Memphis & Charleston R.R. Co.; the National Investment Co.; the Norfolk Southern Industrial Development Co.; the Ocean Steamship Co. of Savannah; the Southern Rail Terminals, Inc.; the Southern Rail Terminals of Ala., Inc.; the Southern Ry., Carolina Div.; the Southern Region Coal Transport, Inc.; the Southern Region Distribution Services, Inc.; the Southern Region Industrial Realty, Inc.; the Southern Region Investment Co.; the Southern Region Materials Supply, Inc.; the Southern Region Motor Transport, Inc.; the South Western R.R. Co.; the Terminal Properties, Inc.; the Transylvania R.R. Co.; the Virginia & Southwestern Ry. Co., and the Yadkin R.R. Co.

14 How did the locomotive whistle originate?

One version says the whistle was brought into use through an accident occurring on an English railway early in 1830. When the Stockton & Darlington was opened for traffic, a man on horseback preceded No. 1, one of Stephenson's early locomotives, to warn people of her approach. She attained the hitherto unheard-of speed of 15 mph, and the horseman was dispensed with. The railway's first serious crossing accident followed on Sept. 15, 1830, when the Rt. Hon. William Huskisson, a Cabinet minister, was killed. He was the first person ever killed by a steam engine.

Then on May 4, 1833, a S&D train collided with a farmer's wagon, containing 50 pounds of butter and 80 dozen eggs, on a crossing between Thirnton and Bagsworth in England.

Following these incidents, Stephenson suggested the use of a steam whistle, which the board of directors welcomed. A musical instrument manufacturer in Leicester produced it. The trumpet, or horn, as it was called, was about 18" long and 6" across the bell. It apparently had a weird but effective sound. The Rev. Sydner Smith, a witty divine of that day, said: "Stephenson's whistle reminded me of the squeal of a lawyer when the Devil first got hold of him."

15 Which was America's first three-foot-gage locomotive?

The *Montezuma,* which arrived at Denver, Colo., July 26, 1871, for the Denver & Rio Grande (now Denver & Rio Grande Western).

Running Extra

GRANT ALLEN'S comments on Santa Fe's 3000 class 2-10-10-2 Mallets remind me that these engines were Nos. 3000-3009. The only 2-10-0 in the 900 class was the 987, originally numbered 940 (Baldwin, 1902), last known as the 987 class. The 988 class consisted of the 988 and 989 (Alco-Schenectady, 1902). They were all tandem compound when built, but were converted to simple type in 1911 and 1915. All the 900 class were built as 2-10-2 except the forgoing three engines. The 1600 class were all 2-10-2's, built from 1905 to 1913, proving their success as freight-haulers.

The 3000 class consisted of ten existing members of the 900 and 1600 class used as high-pressure units and ten low-pressure units from Baldwin. Beginning in 1915, these engines were rebuilt back to 20 simple type, the high-pressure units becoming the 3010 class, the low pressure units the 3020 class, all 2-10-2's. The 3000 class 2-10-10-2's never had a hinged boiler, all being rigid. All of the engines had blind center drivers on both front and rear. The Santa Fe's only flexible boiler Mallets were the 1157, 1158, 1159, and 3320-3323. The 1160-1197 and 3300-3319 had rigid boilers. All these engines were the 2-6-6-2 type, called Prairie Mallets, and were never used on Santa Fe's Coast lines.—Wm. O. Gibson, 4427 30th St., San Diego, Calif. 92116.

WHO HAS the history of the Lackawanna Terminal at Buffalo, N.Y.?—

James Klug, 7700 Bley Rd., Eden, N.Y. 14057.

I NEED pictorial or written material on old train stations, engines, or train-related memorabilia suitable for an oil painting and fine art reproduction.—Mrs. Judy Snyder, Southern Graphics Limited, P.O. Box 4009, Office Park West, Fury's Ferry Rd., Martinez, Ga. 30907.

THE WANAMAKER, Kempton & Southern in Kempton, Pa., owns ex-Jersey Central observation car 98. We call it the *Golden Hawk*. We want early info, material, and pix of this car.—Wally Ely, president, WK&S Railroad, N. 30th St., Allentown, Pa. 18104.

WHATEVER happened to the old Forney engine that sat on the N.Y. E1 elevated back in 1933 or '34? She was kept for emergency service. Did she go to a museum?—Oliver Bathurst, 511 Orwig, Napoleon, Ohio 43545.

ADDING to your list of car and locomotive builders in New Brunswick, there were the Gilbert Eaton & Co., Frederick James (largest early car builder), Harris & Allen, Portland Co., and Intercolonial Ry., Moncton. Other locomotive builders were Fleming & Humbert (Phoenix Foundry), St. John, N.B. (58 locomotives or more built in their heyday); James Harris, Portland, N.B., which built at least one locomotive for the St. George & Chignecto coal mines in Cumberland County, N.S. That engine had no tender, but carried coal bunkers on side of attendant's platform, water was contained in tank on top of boiler where it could be partially heated before entering service. This info came from *American Railroad Journal,* 1865.—C. Warren Anderson, P.O. Box 832, Sussex, N.B. EOE 1PO, Canada.

NEW HAVEN RAILROAD at one time had a 4-4-0 inspection locomotive named the *Naugatuck.* When and by whom was she built and what became of her?—Henry P. Stearns, 43 Beach Ave., Watertown, Conn. 06795.

CK&S COULD have been the Chicago, Kalamazoo & Saginaw. The line never did see Chicago or Saginaw but ran between Kalamazoo and Woodbury, Mich. It merged long ago with the Michigan Central (NYC). About a mile of track in Hastings remains to provide access to industries, plus an extension from Kalamazoo to Pavillion, leased to the Grand Trunk shortly after completion.—C.M. Morrell, 14785 152nd Ave., Grand Haven, Mich. 49417, and Cliff D. Phillips, 649 Andover St. SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49508.

PETER BOYLAN said the C&O had no streamlined Hudson locomotives. He is correct in that the C&O never purchased one new. However, they did have four such engines: Nos. 490-493, class L-1, which were rebuilt 4-6-2 Pacific's class F-19. Rebuilding was done in the Huntington, W. Va., shops in 1946. Incidentally, the Wabash's 4-6-4's were rebuilt from 2-8-2's by the Decatur, Ill., shops in 1943-'47. The 4-6-4's were classified P-L on the Wabash.—C. Wm. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Fort Waynem, Ind. 46825.

WHERE CAN I get the words to the rail poem, "Lonesome Joe"?—Riley McClain, retired engineer, 41723 No. 50th St., Quartex Hill, Calif. 93534.

WHAT ARE all the different radio frequencies that the Union Pacific has been assigned by the FCC? Where can I get such a list of the various lines in the U.S.?—S. Shelburne, Box 371, Minatore, Neb. 69356.

THE BOROUGH of Demarest, N.J., has approached a firm I'm connected with to provide necessary architectural work to restore a station located on Conrail's ex-EL Northern branch and to be acquired by the Borough for its use. Anyone help in locating any data (especially plans) that show the depot's original condition? The building is a potential architectural landmark.—William J. Wilcox, Project Coordinator, T.E.A.M. Associates, Inc., 639 Teaneck Rd., Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

I WANT PIX of wooden and early steel passenger and freight cars of Southern, SAL, ACL, FED, and CofG.—T.F. Meroney, Box 15, 438 S. Main St., Mocksville, N.C. 27028.

HOW DOES the Clover Leaf originate on the tender of TStL&W engine 45, pictured in a recent issue?—Edwin Day, 140 Trefton Ave., Weymouth, Mass. 02188.

WHEN DID the C&S, Colorado & Southern Div. of the Burlington, operate its last 2-10-0's and 2-10-2's?—Clifford Olsen, 2021 Hyview Dr., Casper, Wyo. 82601.

WHY WERE Mars headlights used on Western roads, and not in the East?—E.W. Sohmer, P.O. Box 215, Alton, N.Y. 14413.

REGARDING FUNICULARS, Mt. Loew is at Pasadena, not San Francisco. You left out Court Flight Ry., which extended from the east end of Court St. down to Broadway in Los Angeles. It ran off the same hill as Angeles Flight, but was five blocks to the north.—Floyd Gurely, Vian, Okla. 74962.

INFO WANTED on C&O's *George Washington* for a cassette tape.—Harold Frodge, Geff, Ill. 62892.

DETAILS wanted on Swedish ASEA R/c 4 loco X995, currently on loan to Amtrak—i.e., number of daily trips, distance per trip, weight, and coach numbers. I also want timetable worked by X995 and original black and white and color negs. and slides of the engine and train in service, or at depot. Likewise similar details and pix on French CC21000 loco Y996, on loan to Amtrak. Will pay for negs. and slides.—Keith J. Lloyd, 11 Ferndale Crescent, Kidderminster, Hereford & Worcester, England DY11 5LN.

ANYONE HAVE photos of PRR engine on Panhandle Div. in Pittsburgh that jumped tracks and landed on cars in street years ago? I'm 84, but still call Pittsburgh my old home town.—Lewis F. Baker, 469 Selma Rd., Springfield, Ohio 45505.

LOOKING FOR info and pix of Michigan Central and N.Y. Central in Michigan.—Ronald Hagemeister, 4133 S. Mill, Dryden, Mich. 48428.

WANT TO publish portions of *The Official Railway Guide* for railfans, but need their address. Whom do I contact to get this permission? I haven't noticed any rights reserved in their publication.—H. Hokanson, Rte. 5, Box 50, Mankato, Minn. 45001. (Ed. note: Before publishing portions of anything, get permission. In this case, National Railway Publication Co., 424 W. 33rd St., New York, N.Y. 10001.)

NEED HELP for name of company, or person who can fill me in on getting a price for buying an amusement park type of train ride, such as diesel loco, 6 passenger cars, and cost of track (about 2 miles). Anyone know?—Edward S. Matukonis, Warrentruss Co., 1175 Murray St., Forty Fort, Pa. 18704.

WANTED: Info about L&N depots at Mannington, Kelly, and Empire, Ky., during steam era.—John Mart, 103 South Jessup Ave., Hopkinsville, Ky.

WHAT does VIA mean on the front of Canadian National diesel engines?—Christian Meyer, 113 Delaware Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12202.

WANTED: New or used U.S. and foreign stamps for worthy senior citizens' project.—M. Peacock, 404 Weadley Rd., Norristown, Pa. 19406.

I NEED loco and car numbers on Southern train No. 1, *Southern Crescent,* when derailed at speed last Oct. 8—Mark Sublette, P.O. Box 3215, University Station, Clemson, S.C. 29632.

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

MANY RAILFANS planning to ride the rails in Canada this summer wonder what the new Via Rail will be after it takes over the management of all passenger service in Canada on April 1. Many more U.S. fans heading north in the next months or so are interested in how it might effect them.

When we sat down to pound out some known direction for our favorite journal, Jerry Angier's always-interesting *The 470,* newsletter of RRE's Portland, Me., 470 Railroad Club, had just arrived. In it we discovered that Jerry used some recent excerpts from an interview by the *Toronto Globe and Mail's* Ken Romain with Via Rail's president.

"Starting June 1," the president said, "one transcontinental train will originate in Montreal, using CN tracks to Dorval and switching over to the CP line for the journey through Ottawa to North Bay. There it will switch back to the CN, travelling through Capreol to Winnipeg and then taking the northern route over CN lines through Saskatoon and Edmonton to Vancouver. To accommodate passengers from Toronto wanting to use this service, two or three cars will be attached to the Ontario Northland train that now leaves Toronto each evening. Passengers will be transferred to the transcontinental train at North Bay.

"The second transcontinental train will leave Toronto on CN lines for South Parry (Parry Sound). There it will cross over to CP lines for the journey through Sudbury to Winnipeg and along the southern route over CP lines through Regina and Calgary to Vancouver. To accommodate passengers from points east of Toronto, including the Atlantic Provinces, who want to use this service, two or three cars will be attached to the Rapido trains now operating between Montreal and Toronto. These cars will be attached to the transcontinental train at Toronto.

"The full change-over, as approved by the Canadian Transport Commission, will come September 15, when a transcontinental section will leave Montreal, travelling over CN tracks to Dorvel, then switching to CP lines for the trip through Ottawa to Sudbury. A second section will leave Toronto over CN lines to South Parry, changing to the CP to Sudbury, where the two trains will be consolidated. It will proceed from Sudbury as one train over CP tracks to Winnipeg, where it will split again. One section will run through Saskatoon and Edmonton to Vancouver over CN lines. The other section will travel from Winnipeg over CP through to Vancouver.

"Via Rail will use the Montreal-Ottawa inter-city services as part of an experimental rail operating link with Quebec City, Montreal, and Toronto. When the LRC trains arrive, they will be put into service on this run. The Canadian Department of Transportation had earlier announced the operation of an experimental service between Quebec City and Montreal, but Via Rail wants to extend it to include Ottawa.

"No decision has been made yet about which runs the new trains will be used on after the experimental run proposed between Quebec City and Ottawa. However, their introduction, plus the addition of the refurbished dayliner railcars which can be coupled into three-car trains, will enable the new rail corporation to examine a number of inter-city routes not only in central Canada but also in the West and the Maritime Provinces."

By the time you read this, there could very well be other changes, but as we go to press this is how Via Rail stands.

AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL Railfair '77 held at mile-high Denver's Jefferson County Fairgrounds, we predicted some months ago that the Intermountain-NRHS and Dick Luckin would be back at the same stand next summer. They will on July 8 and 9. We have no info from Dick other than what you already know. If last July's fine railroad exhibition was any criterion, the Colorado Rockies will have another good outing for rail buffs this year. As soon as we learn more, you'll read it here. Meanwhile, maybe you'd like to contact Dick at Intermountain-NRHS, Box 5181, Terminal Annex, Denver, Colo. 80217.

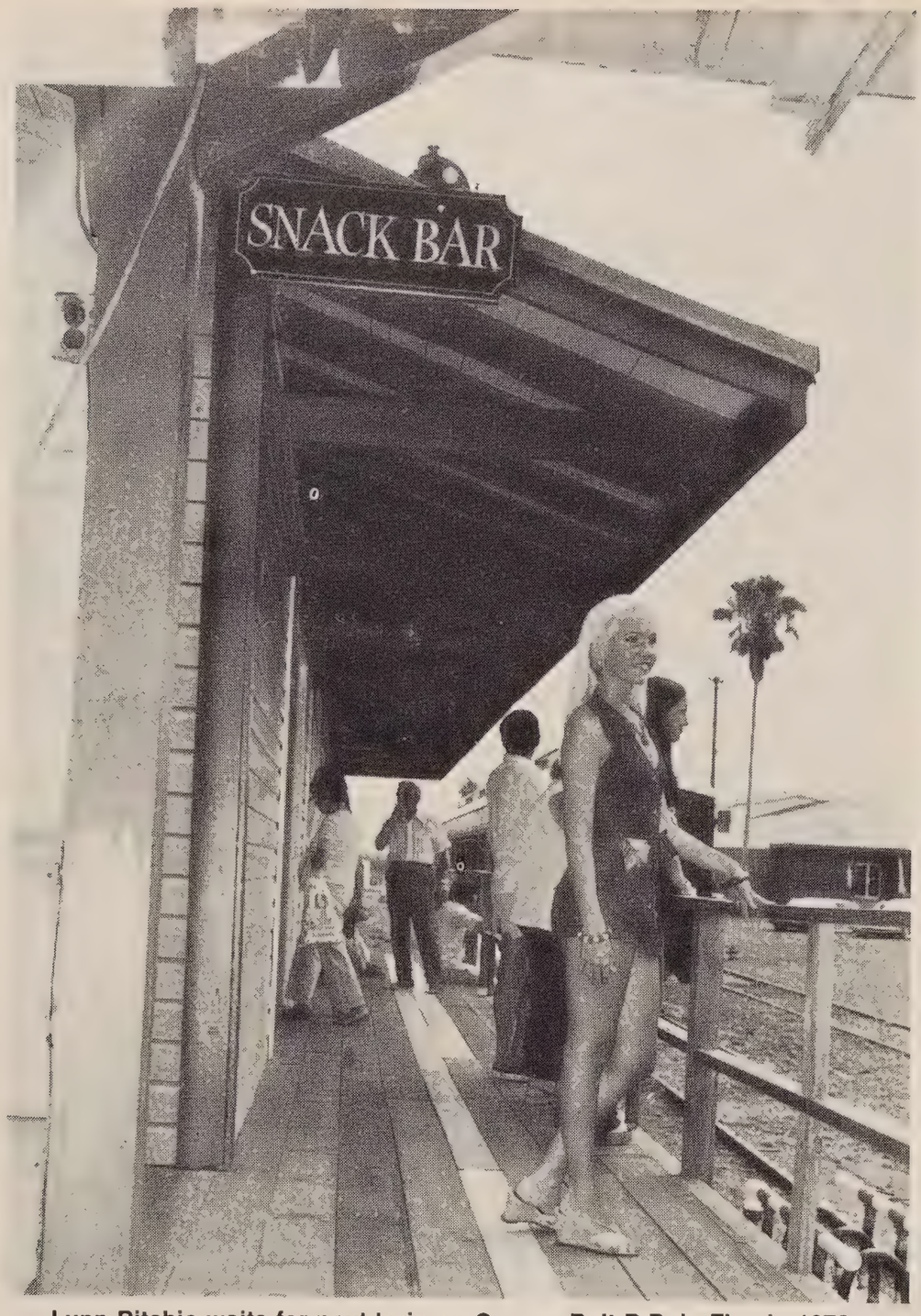
NRHS'S LEW PARDEE and Paul Hee, noting that quite a few *Railroad* readers have requested copies of issues of the *Bulletin* reviewed in our *Books of The Rails,* thought you might like to know where to get back issues.

"The National Railway Historical Society," Paul writes, "has announced that back issues of its *Bulletin* will be made available to non-members. The Society has in stock a limited supply of almost all *Bulletins* since the mid-60's. Those issues cover a range of rail interests, from interurban to modern rapid transit and from logging roads to mainlines. They are printed on high-quality paper, profusely illustrated. The cost is $1.50 per copy. You can get a list of all available issues by sending a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Paul Hee, Chairman-Bulletin Sales, 159 W. Julianna Dr., Churchville, Pa. 18966.

FRANK M. HARVEY, 95 A.S. Mag-

Photograph by David Plowden

Too bad MRC enroute to Halifax won't see CNR 3457 in Hamilton as in '59.



Lynn Ritchie waits for next train on Orange Belt R.R. in Fla., in 1976.
Greg Fischer, 3627 100th Place, Pinellas Pk., Fla. 33565

nolia Dr., Satellite Beach, Fla. 32937, writes that members of the New Haven Railroad Historical and Technical Association, Inc., and the Connecticut Valley Railroad Museum have formed an independent third group, the EP-5 Preservation Fund, Inc., raising funds to buy and restore one of the former New Haven's EP-5 class rectifier electric locos. An article on the EP-5 was featured recently in NHRHTA's quarterly magazine *Shoreliner*. For fans who want to know more about the EP-5, the *Shoreliner* is available for separate sale from Ron Hall, 286 N. Elm St., Wallingford, Conn. 06492.

ONE OF THE BIG smoke and steam outings this summer is the 9th annual Railfan's Day on the Edaville at South Carver, Mass., on the thick end of Cape Cod, on Saturday, June 17. Sponsored by Bemis Street Railway, Skip Clark has listed some of the day's events. Included will be a giant railroad flea market and model rail show; a steam and diesel freight train; a double- and triple-head steam run; trip over the original mainline; photo runs, and model T inspection car. Some top rail photographers will be guests. The flea market & model show, open to all, will cover items from the smallest model trains and trolleys up to live steam models, and toy trains of yesterday, under a tent in Edaville Center. Table and spaces, $5 a table.

The admission for Edaville's Railfan Day is unusual. All you'll need is proof of membership in some rail club or association, plus the normal entrance fee. Ride all day on this interesting narrow-gage line from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. It's the only place that we know about where you can still ride behind Maine slim-gage steam power. For more info write Skip Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161, or Railfan's Day, Edaville Railroad, South Carver, Mass. 02366.

TERRY TIME of the C&NW Historical, Technical & Modeling Society (North Western Lines, Inc.) says they will hold their annual meeting May 20th at the Sheraton-Mayfair Motor Inn, Milwaukee, Wis. For info on the Society can be had by writing Thomas Mackowiak, membership secretary, 17004 Locust Dr., Hazel Crest, Ill. 60429.

Elsewhere in Illinois, a little over a week later on Memorial Day, May 29th, the Monticello & Sangamon Valley Ry. Museum at Monticello will feature Dorothy M. Herrold, a former school teacher from LaPorte, Ind., defending her title as world champion old-time piano player. The contest finals will begin at 1:30 p.m. on the 29th, after preliminary "playoffs" on the previous two days if the number of contestants warrants an eliminations competition. The event will take place among tracks filled with vintage rail cars at the museum grounds just off Interstate 72 at Exit 63, about halfway between Champaign and Decatur. Admission to the contest is free with the purchase of a train ride ticket.

IN THE WOLVERINE STATE, home of the Michigan Railroad Club, the gang right now have their eyes on making their 9th annual Halifax and the Maritime Provinces trip in June one of their best yet. The train leaves CNR Windsor, Ont., station on Sunday, June 18th, going 2800 miles round trip to Quebec, N.B., and to Nova Scotia via CN, returning to Windsor the following Sunday. For details contact Eugene Sussex, 19934 Pierson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48219.

WE'RE STILL getting inquiries as to where the Espee 4449 is, now that her Bicentennial action is over. As an answer tie-in, plus other interesting info, NRHS's prexy, Al Vaughn, says that last Dec. 12th Bill Bain, president of the Pacific Northwest Chapter-NRHS, presented a check for $9,000 to Portland City Commissioner Francis Ivancie. The money came from the proceeds of selling memorabilia on the return steam trip of engine 4449. It all went into the locomotive preservation fund.

The fund now approaches the

$20,000 mark and will be used exclusively to maintain the engine in top condition. The on-train sales were followed by a brisk mail-order business. Among the items sold were 4449 records, T-shirts, belt buckles, Freedom Train books, pictures, and slide sets. Mail orders came in from around the country, some being the result of throwing out flyers to groups of people standing along the right-of-way on the engine's route from Birmingham to Portland.

Commissioner Ivancie hopes from $50,000 to $100,000 can be raised to build an enclosed home where the locomotive can be on permanent display in Portland. Plans for a site are underway. Plans for display will insure that the 4449 can be moved from the site if excursion operations become possible.

Bill Bain, in his note to Allan, reiterated that she is in locked storage, not available for public viewing. Union Pacific has kindly helped the city in obtaining storage, but the harassment of railfans bothering UP to see the engine may require the railroad to ask Portland to find another place to keep the 4449. Patience is asked until the public display location is secured so everyone can see her.

The sales program has been terminated, but may be renewed when display plans are finalized. Those wishing to help the preservation fund may still do so by making out a check to "Locomotive 4449 Trust Fund, City of Portland," and mailing it to either Mayor Goldschmidt or Commissioner Ivancie, City Hall, Portland, Ore. 97204. Donations to the fund are tax deductable and all funds in the trust account can be used only for the preservation of 4449.

A member of Florida's Gold Coast Railroad, Paul Wilson, Sr., president of 4449 Reunion Club, 2531 S.W. 31st, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33312, wants to hear from anyone who has ridden behind the 4-8-4 Daylight. He also wants good pix of her.

A COMPREHENSIVE model parts catalog and reference book on HO scale locomotives has been issued by Associated Hobby Manufacturers, Inc., Philadelphia. It should interest anyone who scratch-builds locomotives or repairs his own equipment. It's full of photos, drawings, and maintenance info. While you're roaming around your favorite hobby shop, you might take a look at *Popular Model Railroads,* telling about items you can build with step-by-step instructions. You might also check the shop owner to see that he has a good supply of the latest *Railroad Magazine.* If not, why not, and how can we help? ●

BOOKS of the RAILS

Gorton T.H. Wilbur

NEW ENGLAND DIESELS, by Dave Albert and George F. Melvin, 232 pages, 8½x11", hardbound, captioned photos, maps, George R. Cockle Associates, $26.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

The authors put it well in saying that just the mention of New England brings rich images to mind. An independent spirit, strong ties with the past, Yankee ingenuity, and good old Downeast stubborness typify this six-state region. Even with the Depression underway in 1931, the New Haven, impressed with American Locomotive Company's sales pitch, invited Alco to demonstrate their new 600-hp yard goat, and after a trial period bought the switcher, numbering it 0900. Despite its favorable economic performance, this was to remain New England's only diesel until the Boston & Maine acquired a similar Alco unit in 1934.

These same traits show up in the way that the railroads of the region undertook to end the steam locomotive's domination. New England found some of the diesel's earliest converts crossing paths with some of the last holdouts of steam. Often it was a case of diesels replacing diesels while steam was making its last stand in the next valley!

This is a good book for the diesel fan, with liberal use of photos from roads running in Conn., R.I., Mass., Me., N.H., and Vt. It covers everything from FT's to GP's including B&M's *Flying Yankee,* plus some New England neighbors such as Canadian Pacific, Delaware & Hudson, Ontario & Western, Lehigh & New England, Erie, and Lehigh & Hudson River that provided gateway service to the region. Each state is covered map-wise showing lines with select power running within its borders. This shows good order and not scrambled eggs between covers. You don't have to be a diesel enthusiast to enjoy this presentation on coated paper. The dust jacket painting of a B&M 1121 hauling a local through a covered bridge sets the stage for reading enjoyment.

Dave Albert dedicated his book "to the professional railroader whose cooperation and helpfulness make our hobby more rewarding."

THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD, reprint, by Robert G. Athearn, 395 pages, 6x9", softbound, photos, maps, University of Nebraska Press, $5.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

Here is a reprint of the author's fine 1967 work under the title *Rebel of the Rockies: A History of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad,* published by Yale University Press as part of the Yale-Western Americana series. No doubt, many devotees of old Colorado days read the original and enjoyed a better quality of photographs than in this paperback. But maybe the photos aren't all that "just fair," either. For this price and a subject very well put together, even with paperback you can't go wrong.

All the heros and epic moments in the narrow and standard gage Rio Grande history are included here. This ranges from the days of Gen. William Jackson Palmer, the railroad war in the Royal Gorge, narrow-gage railroading on Marshall Pass, the formation of the D&RGW, Moffat Tunnel, and Dotsero Cutoff construction to the *California Zephry* and westbound diesel-hauled manifest freights. It's good Colorado Rocky Mountain railroad reading.

RAILWAY DIRECTORY & YEARBOOK 1978, compiled by P.M. Kalla-Bishop and editor of Railway Gazette International, England, 599 pages, world-wide rail info, key personnel, rail suppliers maps, IPC Business Press, $27. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

Major improvements and revisions have been made to this edition which, besides being extensively reset, includes much new material. Statistical details of railways are complemented by the names of over 10,000 key personnel; maps are used for all parts of the world; also comprehensive indexes and addresses of manufacturers of rail equipment. A welcomed move is an entirely revised section on rapid transit. Details appear for the first time of more than 400 minor railways, greatly extending the volume's usefulness, while the trade directory has been thoroughly updated and considerably broadened in scope. A valuable book for any railroad reference library, including our own.

Periodicals and Journals

CENTRAL HEADLIGHT, edited by R.B. street for N.Y. Central System Historical Society, Inc., P.O. Box 10027, Cleveland, Ohio 44110. Always a delight to read. This slick-paper newsletter is something that any NYC fan would want. Usually 24 pages each issue quarterly carries excellent pix, well edited articles, maps, member news, model items, etc. Its annual calendar is a must. NYCHS regular dues are $6, contributing members $25, sustaining $50, and life $100.

THE TIMETABLE COLLECTOR, edited by Ed Gardner for National Assn. of Timetable Collectors; pix, maps, timetables. Copies sell for $1 each from Bob Russell, 400 S. Chester Pike, Apt. 6-B, Glenolden, Pa. 19036. Regular membership $12. Details from John Weston, membership director, P.O. Box 339, Wilmette, Ill. 60091.

CANADIAN RAIL, Canadian Railroad Historical Assn., an excellent glossy-paper monthly edited by P. Murphy, P.O. Box 22, Station B, Montreal, Que., Canada H3B3J5. Regular CRHA membership gives you 12 issues a year covering electric, diesel, steam, historic, and current, with a steamship article once in a while.

THE BULLETIN, for Railroad Station Historical Society, edited by *Interesting Railfan* Wm. F. Rapp, 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333; photos, maps, diagrams. For $3 a year you can join RSHS, get *The Bulletin,* discover how you can help to preserve stations, and read about long-ago rural depots.

SHORELINER, edited by Wm. G. Dulmaine, Jr., is issued quarterly by New Haven Railroad Historical & Technical Assn., Inc. Subscriptions in U.S. and Canada: $8.50 for first year, $8 thereafter. Foreign postage $2 extra per year. Club info from treasurer, Ronald Hall, 280 North Elm St., Wallingford, Conn. 06492. Send editorial matter to Bill Dulmaine at NHRHTA-New England Office, Cedar Ave., Millbury, Mass. 01527. This is a fine group with a good, slick newsletter that delves into old New Haven history, with excellent pix. Rail model boys would enjoy each issue. And the diagram books with their charts and maps are handy for any NH fan. Right now, the gang are getting ready for their annual outing and meeting this year on the Valley R.R. at Essex, Conn., on Sat., May 6. Chairman of the 1978 annual reunion is Gordon Q. Cochrane, Jr., of 256 Central St., Foxboro, Mass. 02035. He'll be glad to help you on the reunion details.

MIDWESTERN RAILS, edited by Frank L. White, White Publishing, 208 N. Stewart St., Geneseo, Ill. 61254, $8 per year 12 issues in U.S., $9 elsewhere. This softbound publication is "right down the alley" for the Midwest railfan. Lots of pix, too.

WESTERN RAILROADER AND WESTERN RAILFAN, Francis A. Guido, editor-publisher, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* P.O. Box 668, San Mateo, Calif. 94401. Twelve good, glossy-page Pacific Coast rail editions per year, $3.

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The books are available only by mail through Railroad Magazine Book Service, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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FOR SALE: Historical Railroad Lanterns book, $6 postpaid. Order from author, A.S. Burkhalter, P.O. Box 41, Winchester, Tenn. 37398.

1977 COLOR SLIDE CATALOG: over 5,500 different diesel, electric, and some steam locomotives from across North America, representing 380 Class I, shortline and industrial roads. Catalog includes model, road number, and paint scheme of each unit. Over 300 different models included. Send $2 for catalog and sample to Porreca, Box 22, Boulder, Colo. 80306.

BUYING RAILROAD COLLECTIONS and single items. I will buy timetables, brochures, folders, switch keys, passes, guides, cap badges, booklets, posters, books, dining-car items, lanterns, wax-sealers, calendars, signs, miscellaneous items. Single items and small accumulations purchased by mail. Collections picked up anywhere in the country. Write to Fred Arone, 377 Ashford, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

MICHAEL EAGLESON, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856 sells 3-foot 2-8-2 cutaway rendering, $1.95 ppd.; also set of 10 new steam/diesel postcards, $1.75 ppd.

BIG LIST: DINING CAR CHINA, glasses, silver, cloth. Railroad, Pullman items. Stationery, timetables, menus. Display, eat from dining-car dishes. Send long SSE to James McClellan, 1752 S. Wichita, Wichita, Kan. 67213. Will buy railroad souvenirs, glass, metal, paper, cloth from Pullmans, dining cars, lounge cars, freights, etc. Small to large amounts, good prices paid.

PAUL GARDE, 35-SLIDES CO., Box 6098, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934, retired except to sell remaining railroad and trolley collections (no Western), books, magazines, lab set-up. Large SSE for info; state wants.

OLD STATE, RAILROAD, AND COUNTY MAPS, 70 to 110 years old, all states. 13¢ stamp for catalog.—Northern Map Co., Dept. RR, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

FOR SALE: Reconditioned folding roll-film cameras, sizes 120-620, for large, oblong negatives. Also reconditioned regular 8mm, 16mm movie cameras. Long SSE for lists.—Roger Arcara, 1525 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460.

TINPLATE WIDE-GAGE trains, accessories, catalogs, wanted!—Alden Miller, 3212-34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

AMERICA'S LEADING BUYER (over $60,000 every year) pays more for most fine old railroad collector's items, any quantity. Why sell for less?—Scott Arden, 20457 Highway 126, Noti, Ore. 97461.

BICENTENNIAL STEAM, diesel, and traction throughout the United States is covered in the illustrated roster featured in the Bicentennial Edition of the *Railhead*, historical journal of Blackhawk Chapter, NRHS. Other articles on IC nostalgia, EJ&E centercabs. $2.75 per copy (includes first-class mail in flat envelope) from Railhead, P.O. Box A-3795, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

AVAILABLE: *The Northeast Railroad Scene: A Brief Look Before Conrail*, #1; *The Lehigh Valley*, #2; *The Lehigh & Hudson*, $4 each. New #3, *The Reading*, $5.—John Bissell, Box 11A, Netcong, N.J. 07857.

BOSTON AREA TRANSPORTATION original kodachrome slides by railfanette Marilyn MacNair. Set A, trolleys/subways. Set C, diesels/commuter trains. Set D, aircraft. Set E, little of each above sets. $8.75 set. No lists; slides are shot when your order arrives. Nikon quality.—Marilyn MacNair, 18 Lambert Ave., Lynn, Mass. 01901.

SEND LONG SSE for listing of over 50 railroad lanterns. Also switch keys, locks, and signs.—Kenneth Palmer, 128 Front St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

YES, I'M STILL COLLECTING old RR. stock certificates, Poor's/Moody's Manuals, junk ticket daters. Have any? Swap, too.—Bob Greenawalt, 9239 De Adalena, Rosemead, Calif. 91770.

PASSENGER-CARRYING TRAINS, steam, gas. New, used, trade-ins, all gauges, custom builds, photos. Details $2 currency.—"TRAINS," 105 Park St., Attleboro, Mass. 02703.

CUSTOM-PAINTED RR. SIGNS: half or full scale. Your favorite station, place, tower, or any name you choose (spouse, friend, etc.). Authentic colors in any RR. style. A unique gift! Send for free brochure.—Nasus Jct. R.R. Signs, P.O. Box 374, Neshanic Station, N.J. 08853.

BUFFALO & LAKE ERIE and North Western Penn "Edinboro Line," ten maps, 224 pages. Three rosters, Dunkirk, Fredonia, Westfield, 450 illustrations, $9.50.—Bill Gordon, 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

BACK ISSUES: Railroad Magazine, Trains, Model Railroader, Railroad Model Craftsman, Model Trains, others. SSE for list.—J. Alker, 1054 Mayflower Court, Martinsville, N.J. 08836.

WANTED: Negatives, transfers, tickets, anything on Scranton Railway Co., Scranton Transit Co., Northern Electric Street Ry.—Charles Wrobleski, Box 663, Scranton, Pa. 18501.

TICKET-DATER, dies, and machines for sale or trade. SSE for list.—Edw. Egan, 59 Bartlett St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.

3500 FILMS, 116 size, photographed 1936-1960, $5 and up (no movies or color slides). Lists of names only of railroad, interurbans, streetcars, and buses, $3 each category. Descriptive captions of individual films from your subsequent requests from ordered lists $1 each. Refunded on films not purchased over minimum $25 order. Legal size SSE required for lists and all correspondence. No SSE, no reply.—Earl Yorke, 27257 Currier, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125.

MASSACHUSETTS TRACTION: Photographs sent on approval, you pay 1st class mail postage both ways. Union St. Ry., Holyoke, Pittsfield, Concord, Berkshire, Northampton, Bay State, Interstate, Bristol, Hoosac Valley, Mass. NE, Eastern Mass., Brockton, Boston Elevated, BRB&L, Worcester, B&M, Concord, Maynard & Hudson, Rickland, Thomas & Camden, Dover, Somersworth & Rochester, Haverhill & Amesburg, Lowell & Fitchburg, Boston & Concord, and others. Size 616, 70¢ each. Misc. sizes, 95¢ each. Size, 122, $1.10 each. Jumbo 122's, $1.20 each. 4x5's, $2 each. 5x7's, $5 each. 8x10's, $6.50 each.—Railway Negative Exchange, P.O. Box 408, Moraga, Calif. 94556.

MASSACHUSETTS TRACTION: Negatives, original and copies, sent on approval. You pay registered mail postage both ways. Same lines as noted in our photograph ad. No list; state wants.—Railway Negative Exchange, P.O. Box 408, Moraga, Calif. 94556.

SOUTH SHORE LINE (CSS&SBRR) list and sample dupe 35mm color slide, 50¢. All sizes b&w prints of South Shore available. State wants. Send SSE.—Vic Wagner, 1004 Wisconsin, Oak Park, Ill. 60304.

FOR SALE: Locomotive bell, large full size, heavy solid brass, complete, authentic, $690. Bronze church bell, 22" diameter, dated Troy, N.Y. 1871, complete, authentic, $995.—Paul Vruwink, Lake Lillian, Minn. 56253.

EXCELLENT LOCATION in western Michigan for year-'round tourist railroad operator with equipment. Write—The Train, Rockford, Mich. 49341.

WANTED: 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928 PRR wall calendars. Picture must have complete border and title (calendar part not necessary).—J.H. Tarnopol, Box 375, Cornwall, N.Y. 12518.

BOOKS BY SHELDEN KING: "Trolleys to Cayuga Lake Park," 44 pages, 38 photos, roster, track maps, $5. "Trolleys of the Triple Cities," 45 pages, 52 photos, roster, maps, $5. "New York State Railways" (Rochester, Syracuse, Oneida, Utica), 128 pages, 165 photos, rosters, maps, $9. (New Yorkers, sales tax.)—Whitehall Mail Service, 109 East First St., Elmira, N.Y. 14901. ●

Coming Events

(No charge for listing here)

STEAM-POWERED passenger train with ex-Reading T-1 No. 2101 on Chessie tentative scheduled specials, May 20-Oct. 29 on trips from points in Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago; Detroit and Grand Rapids, Mich.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Baltimore and Cumberland, Md.; Richmond and Clifton Forge, Va., Huntington, W. Va. Contact Chessie Steam Special, 2 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

Wilmington & Western steam train Sat. & Sun. all summer from Greenbank station near junction of Del. Rtes. 2, 41. Lv. Greenbank 12:30, 2, 3 p.m. Adults $2.50, kids under 12, $1.25. For brochure send SSE to Henry Dickinson, Jr., P.O. Box 1374, Wilmington, Del. 19899.

May 20: annual meeting C&NW Historical, Technical & Modeling Society (North Western Lines) at Sheraton-Mayfair Motor Inn, Milwaukee, Wisc.

May 20-21: annual Cass Scenic Railfan Weekend. Steam locos on grades, switchbacks, night photos on two-day weekend. Cass Scenic Railroad, Cass. W. Va. 24927.

May 20-21: Shortline railfan weekend Morehead & Morgan Fork R.R., Morehead, Ky. Ride scenic mountain line behind first-generation diesel, speeders, possibly 0-6-0. Free space for flea market and camping. Unlimited trips all weekend. Adults $2, kids $1. Bluegrass Railroad Museum, P.O. Box 1711, Lexington, Ky. 40592.

May 20: National Assn. of Timetable Collectors, Calif. Chapt., railroadiana show and sale. Howard Johnson's Resort Lodge, 4222 Vineland Ave., North Hollywood, Calif., Vineland off-ramp, Hollywood Freeway, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Buy, sell, trade, tts., hardware, pix, etc.

May 21: Suffolk County Model RR. Engineers Train Meet, 10 a.m.-3 p.m., K. of C. Hall, Hawthorne Ave., East Islip, N.Y. Buy, sell, trade trains, all gages, scales, other railroadiana. Adults at door $2, kids under 12 free.

May 26-28: Rocky Mt. Region NMRA, Spring venture; June 8-11: Rogue River Mail Boat scenic trip in Ore., bus ride thru Redwood empire. James Weinberger, Tour Director, R&LHS, 2539 Hopkins Ave., Redwood City, Calif. 94062.

May 26-28: Rocky Mt. Region, MNRA, Spring convention in Georgetown, Colo.

May 29: World champion oldtime piano contest at Monticello & Sangamon Valley Ry. Museum, Monticello, Ill., off Interstate 72 at Exit 63, halfway between Champaign and Decatur. Admission free with $1 train ticket.

June 3-4: steam/electric New England weekend. Chartered bus from Montreal visiting Conway Scenic, Seashore Electric Trolley Museum, Wolfeboro, RR. Return Sunday. Tickets, double occupancy, $50. CRHA Excursions, P.O. Box 22, Station B, Montreal, Que. H3B 3J5, Canada.

June 3&4: Knoxville to Chattanooga, Tenn., round trip behind 4501 each day with 4-hour layover at Chattanooga Choo-Choo and Tenn. Valley Ry. Museum, sponsored by Old Smoky Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 601, Knoxville, Tenn. 37901.

June 6-8: United Transportation Union, Region 6 meeting, Fairmont Hotel, 123 Baronne St., New Orleans, La. June 13-15: UTU, Region 9, War Bonnet Inn, 2100 Cornell Ave., Butte, Mont.

June 10 & 11: 4501 hauls special round trip each day, Louisville to Danville, Ky., sponsored by Louisville Kiwanis Club.

June 10: Clinchfield steam One-spot, Erwin, Tenn., to St. Paul, Va., round trip. Stops in Johnson City and Kingsport. Lv. Erwin, 7 a.m., return later in day. Photo stops, run-bys. Fare $35. Write Dean Odlorne, East Tenn. Rail Fan Assn., 129 Rosefield Dr., Kingsport, Tenn. 37660.

June 17: 9th annual Railfans Day on Edaville R.R., South Carver, Mass., sponsored by Bemis St. Ry. Rail flea market, model show, double and triple-headers, steam, diesel frt. trains, photo run-bys. Photo contest. Admission is proof of railfan group membership plus entrance fee. Ride all day, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Skip Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161.

June 17 & 18: Huntingburg to Boonville, Ind., via Southern and 4501, thence Yankeetown Dock R.R. to Ohio River landing for river trip, returning to Huntingburg. Sponsored by Mayor's Committee, Huntingburg, Ind.

June 18-25: 9th annual Michigan Railroad Club Halifax and Maritime Provinces trip via CN; 2800 miles by rail; $420 each, $75 deposit per person. Lv., return CN Windsor station. Info from Eugene Sussex, 19934 Pierson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48219.

June 24-25: 2nd annual Midwest Region, Railroadiana Collectors Assn., memorabilia and meet, Holiday Inn, I-80 and Rte. 51, LaSalle-Peru, Ill., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Adults $1, kids under 12 with parents free. Tables: members $6, non-members $10. John Carpenter, P.O. Box 401, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

July 1-16: Pacific North West trip from Boston to Seattle via Amtrak, return on CP thru Canadian Rockies. Details from Mrs. Martha Carpenter, Mystic Valley Ry. Society, 55 Bourne St., Jamaica Plain, Mass. 02130.

July 2: special trolley trip on SEPTA-Red Arrow Div., Philadelphia. Lv. 69th St. Terminal at 1, return about 5 p.m.; Media, Sharon Hill lines. Reservations, adults $7, kids $3.50. Contact Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa.

July 8 & 9: Railfair '78 Rocky Mt. region's big exhibit at Jefferson County Fairgrounds, 15200 W. 6th Ave., Denver, includes railroads, collectors, railroadiana dealers, model railroaders, annual photo contest, clubs, movies, door prizes. Details from Richard Luckin, chairman, Railfair '78, Intermountain-NRHS, Box 5181, Denver, Colo. 80217.

July 14-16: Island Pond Historical Society, gala celebration for 125th anniversary of Grand Trunk, first international ry. in North America. Info from John Carbonneau, Society president, Island Pond, Vt. 05846.

Aug. 31-Sept. 4: Inter/rail 78, National Railway Historical Society convention in Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C. Activities incl. The Dalles Dam R.R., Portland Zoo Ry., OP&E, Amtrak, Yakima Trolley line, S.S. Princess Marguerite, and doubleheaded steam on B.C. Ry. Send SSE for details. Pacific Northwest-NRHS, Rm. 1, Union Station, Portland, Ore. 97209. ●

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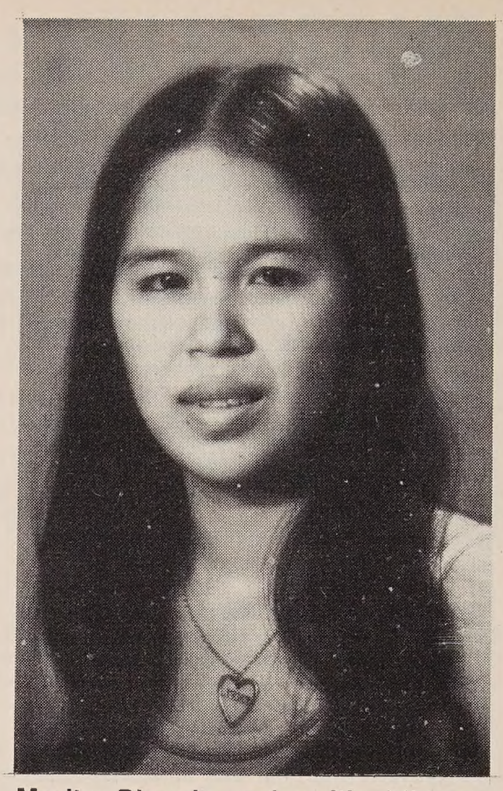

Mariter Dionela works with children.

Pen Pals Wanted

(Free listing in this section)

Miss Mariter A. Dionela (age 25), 265-b P. del Rosario Extension, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, college girl, teaches children to read, write, etc.

Gordon M. Kennedy, 19 Ashe St., McAdam, N.B., Canada EOH 1KO, wants to hear from anyone with CP pix suitable for thesis and possible publication.

Miss Leonide Samson (age 24), c/o Clubman Sportswear, Bulacao, Pardo, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, college girl.

Steve Haddock (age 15), 215 E. 17th St., Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746, will write to anyone interested in U.S. railroads, esp. LIRR.

Miss Dina Rosales (age 16), 480-C Gorordo Ave., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, likes sports, popular singers, writing to pen pals.

Miss Herma S. Napuli (age 26), Hermag Development Corp., c/o Vismin Stevedores & forwarders, Pier 4, Reclamation Area, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, commerce graduate, likes movies, novels, collecting friends overseas.

Miss Yolanda Enriquez (age 25), 132 J.M. Basa St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, office clerk, promises to answer all letters.

Miss Linda T. Trinidad (age 30), 41 J.M. Basa St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, says she will answer all mail.

Alonza Watt (age 22), 354 E. 193rd St., Bronx, N.Y. 10458, wants to hear from Amtrak service attendants or conductors to discuss job possibilities.

Miss Jarlie M. Densing (age 20), Bilrian National Agricultural College, Bilrian, Leyte, Philippines 6906, college girl.

Miss Abith Rosales (age 19), Bilrian, Leyte Code, Bilrian Na. Agri. College, Bilrian, Leyte, Philippines 6906, college student.

Christophe Boisseau (age 15), 2 Rue de la Melonierre, 92500, Rueil-'almaison, near Paris, France, railroader's son, interested in ry. modelmaking, handicrafts, music.

Miss Shirley G. Juaniza (age 20), BNAC, Biliran, Leyte, Philippines 6906, college girl, likes reading, writing.

Pascal Moreuil (age 12), 12 Rue Ocre, 78310, Elancourt, France, son of asst. stationmaster, interested in reading, films, TV.

Miss Lemara M. Densing (age 16), Alemeria Brg. High School, Alemira, Leyte, Philippines 6905, high school girl, likes singing, dancing, reading, pen pals. ●

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